The Outlook

DECEMBER 15, 1915

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CONGRESS: ITS GRAVE RESPONSIBILITY

Not for over half a century has the Congress of the United States met under circumstances so full of incalculable possibilities as those under which Congress assembled last week. For many months the relation between this country and Germany has been strained, at times almost to the breaking point. Until now the honor of the United States and its obligations toward its citizens and toward the public law of nations have been intrusted to the sole responsibility of the President; now they are equally in the keeping of Congress.

Such a Congress as this the American people should most vigilantly watch, and about it they should keep themselves informed.

We have already (in the issue for December 1) given some account of the subjects which will be impressed upon the attention of Congress. First of all are those issues with Germany that have been most acutely raised in connection with the sinking of the Lusitania and the consequent murder of non-combatant men, women, and children. Closely connected with this is the subject of National defense, which the President has presented in his Message, as well as the measures for raising revenue which the expenditure for National defense will require. Other subjects, some of them mentioned by the President, are woman suffrage, National prohibition, the extension of credit for farmers, the Philippine Government, conservation, immigration, and primary elections.

There is to be a Presidential campaign in a few months, and Congress in a Presidential year is always subject to special turmoil and conflict.

In both House and Senate the Democrats are in the majority. The presiding officer in the Senate is the Vice-President, but the Senate elects a President *pro tempore*, who sometimes presides and who stands as the leader of the majority. The Democrats assembled in caucus selected Senator Clarke, of Arkansas, and, by virtue of that party designation, he was elected by the Senate. In the House of Represenatives the Speaker is again Mr. Champ Clark, of Missouri. His power, however, is much less than the power of the Speaker used to be, and the real leader of the majority in the House of Representatives is now the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, who in the present Congress is Mr. Claude Kitchin. Although these two men, Senator Clarke and Mr. Kitchin, are leaders of the majority party in Congress, each of them is the opponent of a party measure especially fathered and advocated by the leader of the party in the country, the President. Senator Clarke openly and effectively fought the Ship Purchase Bill, which the President made the chief party measure during the larger part of the last session of Congress. Mr. Kitchin in the House is an outspoken and avowed opponent of the President's policy on preparedness. This fact is going to affect seriously the relation between the President and his party in Congress. How seriously it will affect it remains to be seen.

The Democratic majority being small in both houses, there is a greater possibility of deadlock than there was in the last Congress, which was more decidedly Democratic.

The result may be, however, not a deadlock, but less partisanship in legislation—more compromise. Such removal of partisan spirit and intent is greatly to be desired in the chief issues before Congress, such as our international relations and the question of National defense. Involved in these two questions is the matter of enacting laws which will make it easier to ferret out and punish people in this country who conspire against its peace and safety; and in such legislation partisanship should have no place.

CONGRESS: QUESTIONS OF PROCEDURE

Both the Senate and the House will be concerned over rules of procedure. In particular, in the Senate the question of clôture is already a vital question.

Clôture is a method of shutting off debate

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in order to prevent endless and fruitless discussion carried on for the purpose of delay. Before Congress assembled the Democrats in the Senate undertook to formulate a clôture rule; but they could not agree on the method to pursue, and they finally decided not to make it a party question, but to leave the matter open for the Senate as a whole to debate and decide. Some method of clôture is evidently desirable. At present a single Senator may hold up, as long as his strength endures, legislation desired by every other member of the body. This is plainly unjust and wrong. A wise and moderate rule enabling an overwhelming majority to have its way after a small minority has had its say should be adopted.

In personnel some change will be noticed between the present Congress and that which adjourned last March. The most notable figure in the Senate last year was unquestionably Senator Root, of New York. He is succeeded by a young, and in Federal matters inexperienced, legislator, Mr. Wadsworth. Other Senators whose absence will be noted are Messrs. Bristow, of Kansas; Crawford, of South Dakota; Burton, of Ohio; and Thornton, of Louisiana. Some figures familiar in former Congresses reappear. Mr. Underwood, formerly Democratic leader in the House, now takes his place in the Senate. Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, former Speaker of the House, who established a reputation as an autocrat and leader of the "Old Guard," and whose course brought on the famous revolt of the progressive Republicans, has been, after an absence, returned to the House of Representatives. Among the others who reappear after an absence are Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio; Cyrus A. Sulloway, of New Hampshire, famous for his height; and William B. McKinley, a reactionary leader who lost his seat in the revolt of 1912.

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Details of the subjects which will be laid before Congress by the Administration will appear in the reports of the various members of the Cabinet. Of these reports most have not been at this writing made public, but all will appear in due course later in the month. These reports are thus withheld and released for publication on certain days in order that they may not come upon the American people all at once, and thus confuse the public mind, but will come out one by one, so that they will receive more attention, each in its turn.

Of the reports of the Secretaries, one of the most important is, of course, that of the Secretary of the Treasury, and that has already appeared. Secretary McAdoo announces that the country has been experiencing for the past year a steady forward movement towards prosperity, until now, he says, "prosperity has been firmly established throughout the country." He specifies various departments of industry. Thus he gives details to indicate that "the railroad situation shows extraordinary improvement and strength;" that "in the basic industry of iron and steel the conditions are phenomenal;" that "the country has been blessed again with great crops;" that "our banking system, through the creation and operation of the Federal Reserve System, is now the strongest in the world." He reports what he has done as Secretary of the Treasury in helping the cotton producer of the South, especially by depositing Government money with Federal Reserve Banks in the South. He reports that no such deposits were desired in the North and Northwest, as money there has been plentiful. The stock of gold in the country he announces to be the largest amount of gold ever held by any one country. This is one of the results of the war in Europe, which has changed the United States from a debtor to a creditor nation.

Secretary McAdoo makes some interesting recommendations with regard to the Income Tax Law. Among them is the recommendation that the force for the administration of that law be greatly increased in order to secure a larger revenue. Many of the returns from individuals and corporations show on their face that they require investigation, and those that have been investigated show that an additional average tax is due the Government. By enlarging the force, not only will this additional tax be secured, but the taxpayers themselves will be educated in making their returns and will be shown how their accounts should be kept. He advocates doing away with the payment of the income tax at the source, and substituting for it the getting of the information at the source.

Last week we reported and discussed Secretary McAdoo's recommendation as to new sources of revenue, and we commented upon the matter editorially. That new sources of revenue must be found is indicated by the

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fact that the estimated expenditures call for a budget of $1,285,800,000, roughly, or nearly $171,000,000 more than was appropriated last year.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND PREPAREDNESS

Whatever differences of opinion there may be about the vigor of Mr. Roosevelt's language, no intelligent American can deny that he is far and away the pre-eminent figure in the great movement of National defense which has culminated in the dramatic Message of the President to Congress. From the very beginning of the European war Mr. Roosevelt has persistently insisted that the United States, whether it so wills or not, is involved in the military, political, and humanitarian problems of the great world crisis. A year ago he urged an active protest against the invasion of Belgium, not only for humanitarian reasons, but because it threatened the destruction of international agreements and international honor throughout the world. He has constantly urged action in the Lusitania case. He has pointed out the dangers of disloyalty arising from the organized pro-German propaganda in this country. Of this danger the President in his Message says: "A little while ago such a thing would have seemed incredible. Because it was incredible we made no preparation for it."

To Mr. Roosevelt it did not seem incredible, and he criticised the Administration for making no preparation for it. What kind of preparation Mr. Roosevelt would make he states in an authorized interview in the issue of the New York "World" for Monday of last week:

> We should provide for a very large increase of officers; and, finally, in my judgment, we should work steadily toward the only thoroughly adequate and proper system for a democracy—the system of universal preparation by universal service on the lines of the plans successfully applied in the world democracies of Switzerland and Australia.

With this recommendation The Outlook is in hearty agreement. To cry, Peace, Peace, when there is no peace, is worse than useless. Even the President of the United States, the great protagonist of peaceful neutrality, now says, in language more pronounced and dramatic than has appeared in any Presidential Message since the Civil War, that we are facing treason from within and the violation of justice and our National rights from without. The events of the last ten days seem to us to justify and confirm all that Mr. Roosevelt has been saying for the last ten months about our National responsibilities.

We are glad to print on another page the latest portrait of this man who believes that the same principles of justice, righteousness, good will, and protection of the weak which should govern the relations of the individual to the family, and the relations of families to the neighborhood, apply with equal force to the relations of the neighborhood to the nation and of the nation to the world.

MR. TAFT, MR. GARRISON, AND THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION

Ex-President Taft and Mr. Garrison, Secretary of War, have been recently involved in a serious controversy regarding the Philippines. Mr. Taft, in a public statement, attacked the course of the Administration in the Philippines, saying that the Philippine Government under Governor Harrison has been conducted, not for the benefit of the Filipinos, but for the partisan political advantage of the Democratic party. He substantiated this charge by giving instances of political removals and promotions which he believes have dangerously affected the efficiency of American control in the Philippine Islands. He printed a letter from ex-Governor Cameron Forbes, who says:

> I regret to have to say that the evidence which comes to me from all sources, from Americans, Filipinos, army heads, and civilians in and out of public service, travelers new to the situation, and residents familiar with it, all bears out in the main the correctness of your description of conditions as they exist in the Islands to-day.

Secretary Garrison replied, describing Mr. Taft's charges as "unjust, unfounded, and made recklessly." He takes up individual cases and in some instances, we are bound to admit, shows that Mr. Taft was mistaken in details.

But that Mr. Taft, the ex-President of the United States and ex-Governor-General of the Philippines, has been reckless, no one who knows him will believe. It is no reflection upon Secretary Garrison to say that Mr. Taft is a far greater expert on Philippine questions than Mr. Garrison is or in all likelihood ever will be. Mr. Taft has been a devoted and self-sacrificing adherent of the doctrine that the Philippines should be administered for the benefit of the Filipinos,

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and what he says on this question deserves careful attention and consideration from the American people. They must not allow the introduction of details regarding the removal of this man or the appointment of that to cloud the fundamental issue in the controversy between Mr. Taft and Mr. Garrison.

The Jones Bill promises independence to the Filipinos when "in the judgment of the United States the people of the Philippine Islands shall have shown themselves to be fitted therefor." Mr. Taft's report promised the Filipinos independence, not merely when they show themselves fitted therefor, but when they "*desire* complete independence from the United States." The Democratic party believes that complete independence for the Filipino people is desirable for them and for us. The Republican party believes that it is not desirable; that the Filipinos do not and will not desire it; that the end to be worked for is a relation to the United States akin to that of Australia to Great Britain. This is the view that Mr. Taft takes. This is the view that The Outlook has always taken. This is the issue that is fundamental.

THE STORY OF THE WAR: "THE NATIONS AT WAR"

As announced some time ago, The Outlook has planned for the second year of the war, in addition to the current history of events, editorials, and special articles, a carefully developed plan of special correspondence directly from the belligerent countries. That plan is now well under way, and its results will be increasingly evident week by week.

In this issue appears the first of the articles by Mr. Gregory Mason, of the Outlook staff, who about three months ago was sent into Russia as the special representative of The Outlook in that country; it will be followed by a second article describing an interview with the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Sazonoff, in which some extraordinarily frank statements are made. Articles have already been printed from Mr. Gino C. Speranza, The Outlook's representative in Italy, and from Mr. Arthur Bullard, writing from Paris. Articles are in hand and will soon be printed from Mr. James D. Whelpley, who writes from England, and from Mr. Sanford Griffith describing German experiences, while during the next few months Mr. Bullard, now in Paris, will send several articles from France and Switzerland and perhaps from the Balkan States. Apart from this special correspondence from half a dozen or more of the warring countries, there will be included, as heretofore, other articles which properly come under the general head of "The Nations at War," such as (to name a few only of those recently printed) that by an Armenian refugee on "A Red Cross Flag that Saved Four Thousand," Mr. W. T. Ellis's talk with "A Man from Constantinople," "A Waiter's View of the War," and "Greece and the War," by Mr. Bouck White.

The Outlook is confident that this method of treatment will give its readers direct first-hand impressions of the warring countries such as could be obtained in no other way.

Turning from Europe to America, we may take this occasion for stating that special plans have been made for correspondence from Washington, reporting not only the tremendously important debates and action of the new Congress, but also the trend and political sentiment of the Administration and of party leaders. The first of these articles will appear next week in the form of editorial correspondence from a member of The Outlook's staff.

NO LONGER WELCOME

The phrase "persona non grata" may be translated "no longer welcome" or "no longer agreeable." The two men for whose recall by Germany our State Department has asked, Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, of the German Embassy, have outstayed their welcome and they are not agreeable to the American people. In accordance with international law and precedents innumerable, it was necessary only to state this fact to their home Government to bring about their recall; to state reasons is not customary or necessary, much less is it necessary to prove actual offenses. Tactically our Government made a mistake in assigning a reason, namely, "their improper activities in military and naval affairs." Naturally the German Government asked what was meant and for specific charges. As we write, however (December 8), it is thought that the personal statements made by Secretary Lansing to the German Ambassador have smoothed this point out, and that the matter has been amicably arranged.

The departure of these men has long been desirable. Apart from any technical or legal proof, the people and the Government are convinced that, to put it mildly, they have exceeded the limits of diplomatic courtesy,

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A NEW WAR ZONE: THE COUNTRIES ON THE WEST COAST OF THE BLACK SEA

In the upper right-hand corner of this map is the Russian Province of Bessarabia, which is separated from Rumania by the Pruth River on the west and by the Danube on the south. At the junction of the Danube and Pruth Rivers, near the town of Reni, a force of Russian soldiers is assembled. German, Austrian, and Bulgarian forces stand south of the line between Bulgaria and Rumania. Will Rumania let the Russians go up the Danube through Rumania?

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and have gone far beyond their proper functions. The Administration is to be praised cordially for its *action*. Now, having disposed of this minor point, it is fair to ask when it will *act* upon the all-important question of the Lusitania.

THE RUSSIAN THREAT AGAINST BULGARIA, AND OTHER WAR NEWS

The situation in the southwestern corner of Russia remains most interesting. A considerable Russian army stands at Reni, but cannot proceed up the Danube through Rumania without Rumania's consent, while the latter country has mined its part of the river and has sent torpedo-boats to prevent a forcible passage. Rumania has commandeered all ships and small craft in her ports for national defense. That Russia means to attack Bulgaria is certain, and, despite the Teutonic forces awaiting that attack on the Bulgarian border nearest Russia and despite also Rumania's enigmatical policy, it is asserted that Russia will find a way.

Considerable Servian forces (two hundred thousand, some reports say) have made their way from Monastir to join the Allies. No doubt other reinforcements are pouring in by way of Salonika, but a veil of secrecy is drawn over the actual facts. A curious story comes by way of Athens to the effect that "a serious clash between Hungarian and Bulgarian troops occurred at Nish following the Austro-German orders for the protection of the civil population against Bulgarian atrocities."

In other parts of the war on land the week (December 1–8) has been inactive. New attacks by the Germans on Dvinsk have been repulsed. The retreat of the British troops from their Bagdad advance is confirmed; the plain truth is that they found a surprisingly large and effective Turkish force opposing them—this and the Dardanelles incident indicate a lack of efficiency in the British information service. Italian forces are again said to be on their way to Albania to aid Servia, and Austria claims to have destroyed five transports (presumably Italian) engaged in landing supplies and munitions on the Albanian coast.

On the last day of our week (December 8) came reports that the Germans are making a heavy drive in the Champagne district; that the widely published statement that a Standard Oil steamship with Americans on board had been sunk is incorrect; and that our Government was on the point of sending a sharp note to Austria in the Ancona case, demanding disavowal of the act, indemnity, the punishment of the captain of the submarine which sank the Ancona, and assurances against any repetition of such an act.

THE KING OF GREECE TO AMERICA

It is rather an unusual thing for a King to address the American people, as Constantine of Greece did last week, through the medium of press despatches. His statement is almost plaintive, and shows a somewhat emotional state of mind. The King declares that his main purpose is to save Greece from such disaster as overtook Belgium; and that personally he is "more nearly tied to England by relationship, affection, and preference than to any other foreign country."

One point of real importance is clearly brought out—that Greece not only did not object to the landing of the Allies at Salonika, but that she put her railways and telegraphs at their disposal. This puts an end to the foolish attempts to parallel the landing of the Allies in Greece with the German invasion of Belgium.

It is very evident that Greece's conduct will depend on the probabilities of success by the Allies in the Balkans. If a really formidable force is gathered, Greece may join the Allies; if not, she will remain "neutral." In this connection may be reported the repeated but not confirmed report that Rumania demands that half a million soldiers of the Allies should be on the Balkan field before Rumania comes to their aid.

The King points out, with some truth, that "the Allies' Balkan policy was never very definite." He insists again, also, that Greece's treaty with Servia applied only to an attack upon Servia by Bulgaria alone.

The "sticking-point" in the demands made by the Allies upon Greece, and not yet fully granted, seems to be the Allies' natural desire to have a clear field for their operations, and their even more natural dislike to the presence of a large Greek army on their flank. Greece may be, as the King says, "incapable of treachery," but the situation is a delicate and difficult one.

THE FORD PEACE ARGOSY SAILS

On Saturday, December 4, the steamship Oscar II carried Mr. Henry Ford and a company of one hundred and forty-eight to

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Copenhagen, Denmark. This body of people is going with the purpose and hope of being able to stop the great European war. The pathos of this undertaking was not relieved, but rather enhanced, by the extraordinary gathering which bade the party farewell. The departure of the steamship has been called one of the most picturesque events which has ever occurred in the harbor of New York. More than three thousand advocates of peace and seekers after the curious cheered and sang on the pier. Among those who came to bid the voyagers good-by was William Jennings Bryan, former Secretary of State.

For a day or two preceding the sailing of the vessel there was much anxiety and effort to secure passports. Such passports as were granted were issued for use in neutral countries alone. Probably half of the company consisted of newspaper writers, photographers, secretaries, and the like, and these, as well as the peace advocates themselves, had to secure passports from the Government. After the sailing the party sent wireless messages from the ship to the shore, one of them addressed to Congress asking that body to call a conference of neutral nations in the interest of peace.

We can only repeat the opinion, expressed by The Outlook before, that this crusade of sentiment, no matter how humanitarian it may be, can do no good to the cause of human justice, which must underlie all righteous and stable peace.

THE REMOVAL OF JUDGE McCALL

The Government of the State of New York has no more important duty than to maintain and improve the efficiency of the Public Service Commission. Few citizens of New York who are not political partisans will doubt that the removal of Judge McCall, Chairman of the Public Service Commission for the First District (which means practically New York City), was justified by the facts, and, so far as it goes, will help to take the Commission out of the field of politics and make it a true "public service."

Governor Whitman, after examining the charges made against Judge McCall and giving him every possible freedom for defense, finds that the chief charge against him was proved. Members of the Public Service Commission are properly forbidden to own stock in a corporation with which they may have dealings. Judge McCall did own certain stock of this kind, and alleges that just before he became Commissioner he transferred this to his wife. Governor Whitman finds no evidence whatever that such a transference was made, and finds, moreover, that there was no evidence on the face of the certificate that the tax required by law for such transference was ever paid. On this condition of things Governor Whitman makes this scathing comment:

> If we assume that there was such a transfer, we have this situation: a former Justice of the Supreme Court, when one offense is charged against him, offers as a defense that he has committed another. If it be true that he transferred this stock to his wife and that he wrote a memorandum at that time setting forth his purpose to transfer, his failure to pay the tax required by law was a crime for which he could be imprisoned for six months.

The other and minor charges against Judge McCall Governor Whitman did not find it necessary to pass upon, as the first charge was conclusive.

The people of New York City are dependent on the Public Service Commission for the proper management and control of traveling facilities below ground, on the ground, and above ground. When first constituted, this Commission did splendid work. Changes in the Commission have unquestionably weakened it. New questions are coming up every day which require judgment, knowledge, and arduous labor on the part of the Commissioners.

AMERICANIZATION OF IMMIGRANTS

Beniamino Bufano, "one of the Bufano boys" as his neighborhood calls him, "Benny" to the artist folk for whom he worked, has won the $500 prize for the best sculpture submitted in the contest inaugurated last summer by the "Immigrants in America Review." A portrait appears on another page.

The theme was "The Immigrant in America," and prizes were awarded for sculpture, painting, black-and-white drawing, and posters. An exhibition of meritorious work taken from the five hundred pieces submitted has been on exhibition at the studio of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney in New York City.

To Miss Frances Kellor and Mrs. Whitney is due the honor of the contest's success. Behind the competition and the prize-winning stands the idea which these two women wished to see developed, an idea

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which they define as "the meaning of America to the immigrant and of the immigrant to America; America as a fusion of many races, traditions, and forces into a vital and unified whole; America as the land of freedom and the opportunity for individual development and growth."

That the greatest prize went to an Italian, almost a boy, one of fifteen brothers and sisters, himself an immigrant at the age of six, is truly dramatic; but it is Bufano's interpretation of the contest's meaning which quickens curiosity. He says stoutly that he "did not try to please America, but to tell the truth." In the telling of it are none of the ancient watchwords: "Glorious Opportunities," "Land of Liberty," "Free Country." He seems never to have noticed the bronze lady of New York Harbor. Instead he explains that "the intention of this Government may have been good, but time has revealed her destination, a corrupt one. It is for us to place her [America] where all her people shall have the right to enjoy her luxuries."

These words may smack of labor unions and industrial unrest, but there is nothing further from Bufano's experience. From childhood he has been busy in various studios, first as boy of all work, then as sculptor's assistant, studying all the time at the night classes of the Art Students' League.

Beniamino has proved by his own history that opportunity yet waits at the door of young America, but he has made of his work an indictment of those who despise the alien and exploit him. "I came unto my own and my own received me not," are the words at the base of his group. There are more than thirty figures in it, oppressed peoples who seek the promised land, and, finding it, find oppression there. At their head he has put a sturdy youngster in defiant pose, as if in challenge to a prejudice which ranks all aliens as "Dagoes," "Chinks," "Polacks," "Niggers," or, at its mildest, "those ignorant foreigners."

A GREAT Y. M. C. A. HOTEL

"The only criticism I can make on this splendid home for young men is that it will discourage matrimony," was the comment of a visitor who had just been shown through the new Young Men's Christian Association building in Brooklyn, New York.

The challenge was taken up at once by the secretary, who said: "But we by no means intend to make this place a monastery. The building was given to us by a woman; we have many women employees; we have frequent 'ladies' nights,' when members are invited to bring their women friends; and the visitors' gallery in the gymnasium is freely open to girls and women as guests of members. We certainly do intend to make our new home as attractive as possible for young men. But it is my opinion that living amid comfortable surroundings will not deter them from marriage any more than living in discomfort would drive them into it!"

However this may be, the new Brooklyn home of the Association—known as the Central Branch—is indeed a delightful abode for the young man of good instincts who is without family ties. He has here all the advantages of a great hotel without its dangers, and with many attractions which it cannot supply. Here he has a comfortable room to sleep in for five dollars a week, and, if he is economical, for much less; he has here a good restaurant, where he can get excellent food at far less than hotel prices; he can find here, after his day's work, a fine gymnasium for his needed physical exercise, or he can have a luxurious Turkish bath, or take a refreshing swim in a great tank that is supplied with water from a specially driven artesian well; if he is ambitious and studiously inclined, he has the choice of dozens of classes, in subjects as various as architectural drawing, salesmanship, and photo-play writing; or he may join his friends in social reunion in one of the many club rooms; or go to a lecture or entertainment in an attractive hall; or engage in some form of helpful work for street boys; or perhaps begin to prepare himself for religious service by joining a training-class for Association work.

In summer he may go up to a cool and delightful roof garden, with a view extending over Greater New York; on this roof he may play ball, or he may drop from it fourteen stories by elevator and amuse himself in the bowling alleys in the basement or the billiard-rooms of the main floor. A fountain of free-flowing ice water on each floor will quench his thirst; a tailor shop in the building takes care of his clothes; his linen is laundered in a complete plant within the building; and a barber shop is provided for his convenience, as well as a mail chute on

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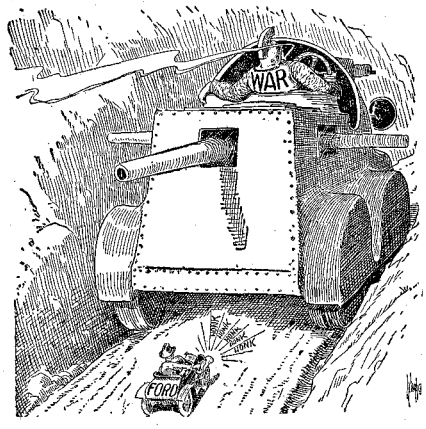
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Ireland in the Columbus Sunday Dispatch



THE ROAD HOG

Kirby in the New York World

JOY-RIDING

"THE FORD" IN ITS NEW OCCUPATION AS A PEACEMAKER

Chamberlain in the New York Evening Sun

GRAIN SPECULATOR—"FRIGHTFULNESS!"

CANADA MEANS TO SAVE HER WHEAT FOR THE MOTHER COUNTRY

Barclay in the Baltimore Sun

THE RUSSIAN BEAR'S IN THAT GERMAN HONEY AGAIN

THE BEES CAN STING, BUT THE BEAR IS GETTING USED TO THEM

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From Punch (London)

Wife: "'Aven't you brought any relics 'ome?"
Husband: "Ain't *I* enough?"

"THE MISSUS" OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN SATISFIED

From Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)

AND FOR GOOD REASON!
The Kaiser: "They say that my words leave them cold!"

THE WORDS OF AUTOCRACY LEAD TO THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE

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each floor for depositing the letters that he may write to tell of his pleasant surroundings.

THE BUILDING'S DONOR AND ITS MAINTENANCE

All these and many other activities are inclosed within the four walls of this great structure, which has been made possible by the generosity of Mrs. W. Van Rensselaer Smith as a memorial to her son Clarence. The building, which has been opened only a few weeks, is already a hive of useful activity. It will, in full operation, care for nearly 10,000 persons in its various clubs and classes; it will lodge about 600 men; it will care for 1,000 boys, both those who can pay for their privileges and the boys of the streets who must be helped to do so. It will have a weekly paper to keep its guests acquainted with the doings of the house; it will have medical examiners, an employment bureau, and friendly counselors for helping young men who need advice.

The young men who are to benefit by the work of this comprehensive institution are drawn from various elements of the great city. Any young man over eighteen and any boy over twelve is eligible for membership, without regard to religious creed or social position. The army of workers in lower Manhattan have been especially attracted by the nearness of the Central Branch to the subway, the Association's quiet location in Brooklyn being only about ten minutes by this route to the busiest centers of New York. Soon the new building will be full to overflowing with its tide of young life making abundant use of the splendid opportunities offered.

Of course this huge equipment for the welfare of young men must be maintained. It has no endowment. It is one of the best features of the work that the young men themselves are to pay their own way here, though the great plant has been given for their benefit. With the site and equipment, it represents an outlay of $1,600,000. A force of 175 people is required to care for the plant in its various activities. Of the $300,000 needed yearly for running expenses, it is expected that all but a few thousand dollars will be raised by the members themselves in the form of membership and tuition fees. Thus, while the establishing of this great home for young men is a philanthropy of the most generous kind, the maintaining of it is the work of its beneficiaries.

While great cities continue to exist, work of this kind for young men will remain indispensable. It is encouraging to see that men and women of means are increasingly recognizing the opportunity they have of helping young men in this way to live a more rounded and a more useful and satisfying life.

A picture on another page gives a characteristic view of one of the public rooms of this new hotel-home for young men, of which we have given only the merest outline. The extent of the new building will be appreciated when it is said that the inspection on which these paragraphs are based occupied an hour and a half and that it was by no means an exhaustive examination of this vast building, which is said to be the largest and completest of its kind in the world.

JEANNE d'ARC

No story is more appealing than that of Jeanne d'Arc, especially as described by Schiller in his immortal drama. No wonder there are so many statues of the heroine in France. The first one to be erected in this country stands in Philadelphia. The second (of which there is an illustration on another page), on Riverside Drive, at Ninety-third Street, New York City, has just been dedicated. This is the result of the efficient work done by a committee under the presidency of the scientist Dr. George F. Kunz, who organized it in 1909.

The statue is by Anna Vaughn Hyatt. All the other equestrian statues of Jeanne d'Arc are by men, but Miss Hyatt has shown in sculpture what Rosa Bonheur has in painting, that a woman can express with fidelity the vigor of animal life as well as the idealism of human life. The statue is of bronze, of heroic size. Jeanne is in armor, standing in her stirrups, holding the reins in her left hand and a sword in her upraised right hand. The horse was modeled after a splendid Percheron in Paris.

The beautiful pedestal, designed by Mr. John van Pelt, the architect, contains some stones from the dungeon where Jeanne was imprisoned at Rouen. Three years ago Dr. Kunz learned that the tower of this prison was to be demolished, and succeeded in getting the stones in question shipped to New York. The pedestal also contains a plain stone from the Cathedral at Rheims in which Charles VII was crowned through Jeanne's efforts. Thus the statue above these stones symbolizes the triumph of faith and patriotism over persecution and

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suffering. This idea was eloquently conveyed by M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador, who delivered the principal address at the dedication. "Jeanne," he said, "personified the spirit of self-sacrifice—the soul of France to-day just as it was five hundred years ago." He added:

> The saints who have watched over France in all these centuries are still with her. The nation has become one in a single purpose. She can fight, and will win the fight. Ste. Genevieve, patroness of Paris at the time of the greatest danger, when the city was so near falling a prey to the enemy, prophesied that Attila would never reach it, but would turn toward the plains of the Marne, there to be defeated. And so it was—so it has been.

This statue is an additional sign of the historic friendship between France and America, a friendship daily cemented more strongly because of our admiration for the dignity, confidence, and unity displayed by the French people during this time of stress for them, a sympathy which looks through present perils to a triumphant France.

THE NOBEL PRIZES

In this time of unrest and of war, the announcement that two Nobel prizes have been awarded comes as a grateful break in the general history of conflict, and directs attention, for the moment at least, to questions of education and science.

The Nobel Prizes were founded in 1896 by Alfred Bernhard Nobel, a wealthy manufacturer of dynamite in Sweden. On his death he left a permanent fund, the income of which was to be devoted, under the direction of a committee of trustees, to the conferring of five prizes annually. The Swedish Academies of Science and Literature award four of the prizes, while the Norwegian Parliament awards the peace prize. The five prizes are in recognition of special distinction in the fields of physics, chemistry, physiology and medicine, literature, and international peace. The prizes include both medals and considerable purses of money. The peace prize, for example, consisting of forty thousand dollars and a gold medal, was conferred officially upon Mr. Roosevelt in 1910, at the time of his visit to Christiania, the Norwegian Parliament considering that his efforts as a mediator between Russia and Japan constituted the greatest contribution to international peace in the year when the peace treaty was signed at Portsmouth. Mr. Roosevelt declined personally to receive the forty thousand dollars, on the ground that he carried on his peace negotiations as a servant of the United States. But he accepted gladly the gold medal as an honorable token to be handed down to his descendants.

To the great pride of Americans, it is announced that the prize for chemistry for 1914 has been conferred upon Professor Theodore William Richards, of Harvard University, the Director of the Wolcott Gibbs Memorial Laboratory there. Professor Richards is a scientist of international repute. He was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1868, studied at Haverford and Harvard, and then went abroad for several years. In 1894 he was appointed Assistant Professor of Chemistry at Harvard, and full Professor in 1901. In 1907 he served as Harvard exchange professor at Berlin. His chief contribution to science has been the revision of the atomic weights of oxygen, nitrogen, calcium, sodium, silver, copper, zinc, iron, and other chemical elements, thus enabling his fellow-chemists to conduct their investigations with far greater accuracy then heretofore. For example, it enables them to analyze an ore of zinc or any other metal and to weigh the elements in it with greater certainty. Professor Richards has also discovered a law connecting the compressibilities of elemental substances, it having been formerly believed that the exceedingly slight compressibility of the atoms of elements had no especial significance. He has evolved a comprehensive theory of atomic compressibility from these and other facts.

The prize for physics for 1914, it is announced, has been awarded to Professor Max von Laue, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, whose observations have determined just what X-rays are. By throwing these rays through a crystal and photographing them, Professor von Laue showed that a number of black spots were formed, radiating in a way which led to the discovery that the rays are the same as ordinary light, except that they are only one one-thousandth of the length of an ordinary light ray.

Owing to the interruption of the European war, the prizes for 1914 were not awarded at the usual time, and only two of the five have even now been announced. They are the prizes for chemistry and physics. The names of Professor Richards and Professor von Laue are thus added to lists already famous. In the field of chemistry J. H. van't Hoff,

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Sir William Ramsay, Sir Ernest Rutherford, and Madame Marie Curie are among the prize-winners. In the field of physics prizes have been conferred upon Wilhelm Röntgen, Lord Rayleigh, Sir J. J. Thomson, and A. A. Michelson.

UNREST IN CHINA

From an international standpoint, the city of Shanghai, in China, is one of the most interesting in the world, because of its foreign concessions or settlements. Originally these were nothing more than the area set apart for the residence of foreign merchants. But in 1845 the British acquired a definite concession, as did the French in 1849 and we in 1862. Thus a foreign town grew up, and, as the Chinese shirked the expense of laying out streets, draining, paving, lighting, etc., the foreigners taxed themselves voluntarily, and soon had their own regulations and government, especially their own police control.

On December 5 last a party of rebels from the foreign settlement in Shanghai hired a launch and went alongside the training-ship Chao-ho. Sunday being a holiday, only a few marines were aboard the ship. Taking advantage of this fact, the rebels boarded the ship with a show of pistols and the use of several bombs. The loyal marines were outnumbered and overpowered. The rebels secured control and attempted to maneuver the Chao-ho. Before they could do so, however, they were surrounded by the Chinese war-ships in the harbor. These war-ships took station so as to command the rebels aboard the Chao-ho without endangering the foreign settlement. The rebels made a feeble show of resistance, and finally fled to the shore, leaving the training-ship in the hands of the Government forces. It is to be noted that this assault against the peace and sovereignty of China originated in the foreign settlement, from which Chinese police jurisdiction is excluded. Thus the rebels directed their attack on the Chao-ho in a way which did not make it easy for the Chinese Government war-ships immediately to intervene without endangering foreign lives and property. Fortunately, when the Chinese sailors and marines did restore order, their work was as tactful as it was swift and certain, and produced a salutary impression.

The outbreak is regarded in China more as a flash in the pan on the part of certain radicals, acting under the leadership of the leader, Chen Chi-mei, than any serious attempt at revolution. It calls attention, however, to such other events marking unrest as the recent blowing up of the office of the new Shanghai paper, the "Yahsiya Jih Pao" (the "Asia Daily Gazette"), started in support of the monarchist movement.

SOLDIERS' CLOTHES AND THE SPIRIT THEY COVER

By a coincidence, two letters which came to us on successive days furnish a suggestive question and an interesting answer. The question was: "Kindly give the writer such information as you have at hand concerning the methods employed for the washing of uniforms and clothes of the European armies in the field." The answer not only throws some light on what must be a considerable working problem to all the armies in the field, but incidentally gives an impression of the way in which an Englishman of high character and position regards his own duty, the outcome of the struggle, and the attitude of his associates. The writer of the letter, it may be remarked, had for many years been an honored member of the East Indian service, in which he held one of the highest positions in the Government, and at the beginning of the war had retired from the service, returned to England, and was prepared to spend his declining years in comfortable ease.

"I could not," says the letter, "remain idle when the war settled down to be a long one. So I came to France in April to see what a man of my age could do to help, and now I am a major in the Army Ordnance Department, and in charge of a large ordnance depot which receives all the soiled and discarded clothing and accouterments from the front. These we give out to contractors to wash and clean. When returned, we store them for reissue to the troops. We have just now finished issuing the sheepskin coats, which we have been cleaning all the summer, for the men in the trenches; and glad they will be to get them, I am sure, for the winter has set in early this year. Every day brings us truck-loads of things to clean, especially after a big engagement. There is so much work to do that one has no time to think too much or to be sad; and I consider myself lucky indeed to have got work.

"And it is good to be among the French just now, for every one among them is doing his duty in some form or other. There is no

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complaining, but every one is ready to make any sacrifice demanded of him. My admiration for the behavior of the French under this great trial is unbounded. You see no despondency anywhere, in spite of their great losses. The people are serious, determined, and confident. . . . All of us over here think that compulsory service should have come in England many months ago, but better late than never if we get it now. . . . I thank you for the copy of ——— ———, which I have read with much interest, though I don't share, and no one here does, its rather pessimistic views of the Allies' chances of ultimate success. . . . It seems like a century since we were rambling in the Rockies, never dreaming of this terrible war. I hope that we may see the time when the war will be as far *behind* us some day."

A GERMAN VISTA

The "Fatherland," of New York City, has never been accused of being an anti-German organ. On the whole, it is a fair conclusion to draw that any correspondence which it contains from the seat of war is intended to place the German cause in a not unfavorable light. It is interesting, therefore, to find in the "Fatherland" for November 24 an article by Mr. Louis Viereck called "Adventures in Belgium under German Rule." As a presentation of German psychology it is scientifically complete. Not the least part of its merit is derived from the fact that Mr. Viereck is sublimely unconscious of this skillfulness of his workmanship. As an example of art without affectation we commend the following quotation from Mr. Viereck's article:

On my arrival at Brussels I found my watch had stopped. I had it repaired, but the watchmaker put its hands one hour behind the normal time. He was a "true" Belgian and clung to the old pre-German time, although after the German occupation the central European time had been introduced. That is Germany's official time, which prior to the occupation of Belgium had extended as far as the frontier station of Herbestal.

I gathered later that the entire population of Belgium in private life used "Belgian time." The consequences are often unpleasant to the stranger. For example, I know of a German traveler who made a business appointment with a Belgian. They were both punctual, but the former arrived in official time, and the latter in Belgian time. So of course they missed each other. That obstinacy on the part of the Belgians is almost childish and harms them most of all.

Confronted by native obstinacy, the sweet reasonableness of the German army of occupation in providing its involuntary hosts with a time schedule of scientific precision has been wasted on the desert air of Belgium. We are loth to confess it, but we fear that Mr. Viereck has stumbled upon one of the fundamental weaknesses of the human race—that inalienable weakness which permeated even the minds of the founders of our own Republic. It will be remembered that with brazen effrontery they dragged forth their failings to the light of day, declaring in good set terms the gross belief that every man was entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is indeed strange that this superstition will not down.

UPBUILDING AND UPBRINGING

The important question of properly caring for the thousands of city children who are struggling against disease and low vitality is not receiving anything like the attention it should. There are not enough "convalescent homes," and most of those we have are too institutional. We need more cottage homes like that of the Fathers and Mothers' Club of Boston, in which upbringing is combined with upbuilding.

This unique little institution for anæmic, sickly, and convalescent children owes its existence of six successful years to the interest of a group of fathers and mothers in the problems of parenthood, and especially to the vision and motherly wisdom of its leader, Mrs. Mary Pamela Rice.

The twelve boys and girls who are accommodated at one time, under the tutelage of a house-mother, form an interesting family group. Each child has his regular duties to perform in the care of the house and garden, the fowls and pets. There are kindergarten work for the younger children, manual training and weaving for the older ones. Regular hours of physical training, work, and outdoor play, winter and summer, strengthen flabby muscles and set anæmic bodies all aglow.

The head of this ever-changing family frequently finds it necessary to teach table manners and the courtesies of the home. These little boys and girls from the tenement districts soon learn to be tolerant of one another's creeds and nationalities, to help the younger and the weaker, and many other things they

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had never thought of before. The ideal home atmosphere is further produced by the evening gatherings for singing and story-telling. For the first time in many of these little convalescents' lives, they know what the interest and love of a mother means.

A unique feature of the Farm Home is its system of self-government. Each child is made to feel his responsibility as a member of this small community. Meetings are called regularly for election of officers and discussion of rules and regulations. The chief executive, the mayor, is assisted by a health officer and a day (or police) officer, each with his corps of assistants.

The Fathers and Mothers' Club has at heart the future lives of its unfortunate charges. Children are kept from two to twelve weeks, according to the request of the physician, school nurse, or charity sending them. No child is sent back to the city before he is in splendid physical condition. He not only has health, but also new and fine ideals of life, love, and living. A follow-up system, conscientiously conducted, keeps him well amid less favorable surroundings. A former chief of the Division of Child Hygiene, Boston Health Department, said that this was the sanest, most far-reaching work for children that he knew of, and further said: "Why, you are making home-makers and citizens of our children!" And many examples might be quoted to uphold this statement.

That this institution fills a great need is testified by the long waiting list of applicants. On account of the thoroughness of treatment the number of children accommodated yearly is only about one hundred and fifty—a very small number compared with the many hundreds whose lives are being impaired by lack of fresh air, sunshine, wholesome diet, and loving companionship. If more cottages, each with its own house-mother and family life, were available, the work might be made to benefit a larger number and at the same time profit by specialization. We hope that the funds will be forthcoming for this noble work.

BELGIAN SCHOLARS IN AMERICA

The war has stopped all intellectual and scientific work in Belgium. Many educational institutions have been devastated or transformed into barracks. Of course this means a serious loss in the advancement of knowledge. Some Belgian students, scholars, and research workers are attempting to continue their labors in France and England, and a few in America. Accordingly an American committee has been formed to raise the funds to have more of the students or professors come to work here. Money is needed to defray expenses and the cost of residence in this country. The Committee, of which Mr. John Joy Edson, 309 Wilkins Building, Washington, D. C., is the treasurer, has already received an assurance from the George Washington University as to the free instruction of ten students. It will doubtless receive similar offers from other institutions. Such help from our colleges and universities would certainly show our appreciation of Belgian valor and devotion to duty.

In the case of Belgian professors it is hoped that subscriptions to the Committee may be liberal enough to provide an honorarium, although in some cases honorariums will doubtless be paid by the universities themselves, as at Harvard, where two eminent Belgians are now lecturing, namely, M. Léon Dupriez, Professor of Law at the University of Louvain, and now in his second year at Harvard as Visiting Lecturer on Government, occupying the chair of Mr. Frederic J. Stimson, our Ambassador to Argentina. The other is Professor Maurice de Wulf, regarded as the most distinguished of Belgian savants. He is also a professor at Louvain, occupying the chair of Mediæval Philosophy and Logic. Dr. de Wulf is the author of a large number of authoritative books on philosophy and history, of which his "Histoire de la Philosophie Médiévale" has been translated into English, German, and Italian, and his "Introduction à la Philosophie néo-scolastique" into English and Spanish. He has also been a frequent and valued contributor to the standard reviews on philosophy and history.

It is a pleasure to add that Professor de Wulf, like the visiting Professor Hattori, of Tokyo, has taken a lively interest in everything which pertains to university life in this country, and has exercised a marked influence at Harvard, not only as a scholar, but as a man.

THE YALE SCHOOL OF RELIGION

Last year The Outlook described the wider range of work undertaken by the Yale Divin-

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ity School since it changed its name to the Yale School of Religion as a training school for Christian service, whether lay or clerical. As the conviction grows that Christianity is depending more and more upon the lay membership of the Church, more and more provision for their efficiency in Christian leadership is being made. Given their possession of the all-essential spiritual dynamic, they also need adequate instruction in the history and essential nature of religion, in the Old and the New Testament Scriptures, and in the best practical methods of religious education and of Christian sociology.

The Yale School of Religion has therefore organized a one year's course of fifteen hours weekly in such training for laymen who intend to enter various professions or to engage in business or finance. It provides (1) for college students who, when graduated, wish to prepare for intelligent lay leadership in the religious life of their home towns; (2) for laymen already in positions of leadership, especially as teachers in school and college, who can obtain a year's leave of absence for their purpose of complete preparation for Christian service. The adequacy of this course is conspicuous, including with the subjects of instruction by members of the Faculty a great variety of practical topics covered by special lecturers, mostly laymen of experience in Christian service.

Further evidence of Yale's intentness in present-day religious problems is given by other new announcements for the present academic year. The Christian solution of the practical problems which confront teacher and scholar in modern institutions of learning is to be presented in lectures by Professor Henry B. Wright from October to February on "Ethico-Religious Relations between Faculty and Students," as part of the course in "The Layman's Relation to Christian Work." Professor Wright is also to conduct throughout the year a weekly seminar on "The Second Year in College, with Special Reference to the Fraternity Question and the Problem of Social Readjustment." In view of the sharp criticism with which various writers have recently called public attention to anti-social tendencies to be guarded against in college fraternities, the Yale School of Religion has undertaken a timely effort to find a solution of the college fraternity problem. It is intended to study the history of the fraternity movement and its present tendencies in the light of Christian ethics.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

On Tuesday of last week the President read his Message to Congress. It is probably one of the longest, and certainly the most important, state paper which he has issued during his term of office. The subjects which he treats may be divided into four grand divisions:

1. National Defense.
2. Internal Treason.
3. Foreign Relations.
4. Domestic Industry and Taxation.

On National Defense he says: "Conquest and dominion are not in our reckoning or agreeable to our principles," but "we insist upon security in prosecuting our self-chosen lines of National development. We do more than that; we demand it also for others." To carry out this policy the President recommends the increase of the regular army to about 150,000, all told, and the creation of "a force of 400,000 disciplined citizens raised in increments of 133,000 a year throughout a period of three years;" urges the increase of the navy in accordance with the recommendations of the Secretary of the Navy; and implies that the country should rely on voluntary patriotism rather than universal military service.

The most striking and dramatic passage in his Message is that in which he urges the enactment of Federal laws to deal with the dangers of treason from citizens "welcomed under our generous naturalization laws to full freedom and opportunity of America, who are pouring the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our National life, who have sought to bring the authority and good name of our Government in contempt, who destroy our industries wherever they thought it effective for their vindictive purpose to strike at them, and to debase our politics to the uses of foreign intrigue." Of this domestic situation, which he regards as being profoundly dangerous, he says: "A little while ago such a thing would have seemed incredible. Because it was incredible we made no preparation for it."

On Foreign Relations the President again asserts that the United States had "no part or interest in the policies which brought on the European war." He contends that our National neutrality was necessary in order to keep the European war from sweeping over the whole world. This neutrality, he believes, has enabled the United States greatly to

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enlarge the power and scope of the doctrine of Pan-Americanism, which we may perhaps define as the doctrine that the destinies of the Western Hemisphere are to be directed by the inhabitants of that hemisphere. He reviews with satisfaction our course in Mexico, and says that what we have done with regard to the Mexican Republic proves that "we will aid and befriend Mexico, but we will not coerce her."

A considerable portion of his Message is devoted to the questions of domestic industry—that is to say, the upbuilding of a merchant marine; the development and encouragement of our railways; and the raising of money by taxation for our National budget and the increased expenditures made necessary by the policy of National defense. He recommends Government ownership and operation of merchant vessels. He advises a sympathetic investigation of the whole railway question by a special commission, with the hope that some way may be discovered "for bettering the conditions under which the railroads are operating." And he suggests definite forms of taxation for raising the necessarily increased expenditures of the Government.

There is no mention in the message of the Lusitania case or of the exchange of notes between this Government and the Government of Germany regarding the very serious points of controversy and friction now existing between the two nations.

We confess ourselves wholly unable to understand the workings of President Wilson's mind. At the beginning of the war he affirmed, not only that the Government must keep out of the war, but he counseled the people not to discuss it, to be "impartial in thought as well as in action," and both in his official declaration and in his political counsel he assumed that the war did not concern us. The Outlook took issue with him, and in the same number in which it reported his Proclamation of Neutrality declared that the European war was waged by Germany against popular rights, and it affirmed that the United States had an interest in the conflict and that certain National duties were involved in it: duty to bring home our fellow-citizens marooned in Europe; to maintain the rights of American citizens to leave Germany and return to their home land—rights denied by Germany; to protect not only the rights of Americans, but the rights of all neutrals on sea and on land; to bring together our scattered navy and make it ready for action; and to prepare ourselves—too long depending on foreign nations for our commerce—to be commercially independent, by allowing the purchase of American ships in foreign markets and bringing them under the regulation and protection of the Federal Government.

All these needed reforms which President Wilson then thought needless he now urges on Congress. That we can understand—the history of the year has taught him something. What we cannot understand is that he at the same time reaffirms that "we have no part or interest in the policies which seem to have brought the conflict on," and then proceeds to demonstrate our interest in those policies and to demand that we prepare ourselves to take such part as National honor and National duty may require.

We agree with the President that Americans believe in Pan-Americanism, because they are interested in liberty and law, in justice and peace, not merely for themselves, but for the whole Western continent, and therefore their patriotism is not a mere selfish and provincial patriotism. For that very reason they do not believe that their interests in All-America involve no duty toward their neighbor Mexico, pillaged and devastated by contending troops of brigands, or that the events in that unhappy state during the last two years are truthfully portrayed by the phrase, "Liberty is often a fierce and intractable thing;" or that the declaration of the Virginia Bill of Rights, that the "majority of the community hath an indubitable, inalienable, and indefensible right to reform, alter, or abolish it [government] in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the public weal," has been by the United States heroically applied to Mexico by standing idly by with ineffective intermeddling while the great majority of the citizens of our unhappy neighbor were robbed and murdered by an unscrupulous minority.

The passion of Americans is not primarily for peace. It is a passion for liberty and justice; and for liberty and justice Americans have always heretofore been found ready to fight to the death. We are glad that the President has come late to the conclusion that if we are to have liberty and justice and peace in the United States we must be prepared to fight therefor. We are glad

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that he calls on Congress for a larger and more efficient army and a larger and more efficient navy. We are glad to welcome his hesitating suggestion that he may by and by call for an advisory body to assist in framing plans for adequate National defense. Better late than never. But it is still better not to be late. The President, learning a lesson from the past, might well have called on Congress at once for the appropriation necessary for such a greatly needed commission of National defense.

With the President, we do not doubt the patriotic feeling of the younger men if called on for military service, though we are not so sure that the patriotic spirit of all employers could be depended on to make such voluntary service possible by their employees. But why leave the patriotic to bear the burden of defending the unpatriotic? If National defense is a National necessity, it is also a National duty. If it is right to call on all the citizens, patriotic and unpatriotic, to bear the burden of contributing in taxes for the common defense, why is it not right to call on all to contribute by their service? If it is right to call on all to serve on juries, or in time of exigency to give their support to the authorities as special police, why is it not right to call on all in the greater exigency which the President eloquently describes? Those who, inspired by patriotism, are willing to serve will not complain of required service; those who, lacking patriotism, are not willing to serve, would have no just ground to complain.

The President describes in emphatic terms the "poison of disloyalty poured into the very arteries of our National life." His discrimination is just when he says that the number of the conspirators is "not great as compared with the whole number of those sturdy hosts by which our Nation has been enriched in recent generations out of virile foreign stocks;" but he is indiscriminating in his failure to distinguish between the loyal and the disloyal citizens of the United States "welcomed under our generous naturalization laws to the full freedom and opportunity of America." If any of our foreign-born citizens except those of German and Austrian descent have had anything to do with the treacherous attempt upon America's domestic peace and prosperity, the public ought to be informed of the fact. If none others have been guilty, the President should have been more specific in his charges. He is quite right in saying that "America never witnessed anything like this before;" he is not right in saying that Americans "never dreamed it possible that men sworn into its own citizenship . . . would ever turn in malign reaction against the Government and people who had welcomed and nurtured them, and seek to make this proud country once more a hotbed of European passion." If he had been a little more open-minded to receive information and consider counsel from men of ways of thinking different from his own, he would not have been left to say that "a little while ago such a thing would have seemed incredible," and "because it was incredible we made no preparation for it." We assume that his failure to intimate what kind of Federal laws are necessary to protect the Nation from these "infinitely malignant" conspirators will be supplemented either by a special Message or by some later recommendation from his Attorney-General. The Message contains no such intimations.

The Outlook welcomes the President's declaration that "regulation of the railways of the country by Federal Commission has had admirable results, and has fully justified the hopes and expectations of those by whom the policy of regulation was originally proposed." It is not unreasonable to hope that this indicates that the President is ready to recognize that the policy of regulating by Government other big business than the railway is better than the policy of attempting to destroy it; that he is ready to abandon the notion that big business is necessarily bad business, and ready to welcome the substitution of regulation for disorganization. Perhaps further reflection upon the subject along the lines which have led him to this revolution in his pre-election philosophy may lead him in time to see that it is possible to build up a commercial marine by private enterprise, properly protected and encouraged, as under previous Administrations America has built up its railway and its manufacturing business; that it is not necessary to jump from unregulated and unprotected private business to Government ownership and operation in water transportation any more than in land transportation. It ought not, however, to have needed a great war to induce great statesmen to realize that "many conditions about which we have repeatedly legislated are being altered from decade to decade," and that these changes require appropriate legislation to

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make our transportation, whether on sea or on land, as efficient in the service of all the people as possible.

The impression which will be left in the mind of him who reads the President's Message in the light of recent history will be that during the last eighteen months he has not merely modified, he has reversed, his convictions on some of the most vital and fundamental questions of National policy, and is apparently not conscious of the change. Under these circumstances it cannot be thought strange that an increasing number of citizens hesitate to accept his definitions of the National interest and to adopt his counsels as to National duty and the best methods of fulfilling it.

SINCE THE LUSITANIA WAS SUNK

We elsewhere note the fact that the President's Message makes no mention of the Lusitania case.

In the absence of an accounting by the President of what his Administration has done, we outline here briefly the history of American words and German deeds:

In February the American Government warned Germany that she would be held to a strict accountability for the deeds of hers in the war zone resulting in the loss of American lives or American vessels.

On March 28 the Falaba was sunk with the loss of one hundred non-combatants, including one American.

On May 1 the American steamship Gulflight was torpedoed and two Americans lost.

Then, on May 7, followed the shocking crime against the non-combatants on board the Lusitania.

On May 13 the American Government sent a note to the German Government.

On May 25 the German Government torpedoed the Nebraska, an American steamship.

On June 9 the American Government sent another note to the German Government. (This declared that the lives of non-combatants, whether neutrals or not, could not lawfully be "put in jeopardy.")

On June 28 the German Government shelled the steamship Armenian and killed Americans.

On July 9 the German Government attacked the Orduna, carrying Americans, and thus put their lives in jeopardy.

On July 21 the American Government sent the German Government still another note.

On August 19 the German Government torpedoed the steamship Arabic, killing two Americans.

On September 1, following some intimations that the United States might take some action, the German Government was reported by the Ambassador as promising that "liners" would not be sunk without warning, without safety for non-combatants, provided the "liners" did not try to escape or resist.

On September 5 the German Government torpedoed the steamship Hesperian, and killed passengers and members of the crew.

On September 9 either the German or the Austrian Government torpedoed the steamship Ancona, which was sailing towards America, and thus killed non-combatants and put Americans in jeopardy.

On October 6 a German note was made public stating that "the recurrence of incidents similar to the Arabic case is considered out of the question." The Arabic, we have noted, was sailing towards America.

Meanwhile conspiracy against the peace and tranquillity of this country had developed and finally resulted in the request from the American Government that the German Government recall its military and its naval attaché.

When the Lusitania was torpedoed, we urged the President to take such action as would make it plain to Germany that we would no longer have any dealings with her as a civilized nation until she repudiated and abandoned her practices and made such reparation as fitted the crime. We pointed out that such action did not necessarily mean war, though it might lead Germany to declare war upon the United States.

We now turn to Congress, and we hope that Congress will take the course that the President has failed to take, will respectfully call upon the President for a full report of what his Administration has done about the sinking of the Lusitania and the other crimes of similar nature, will take such action as lies within its powers to cut off intercourse with Germany, and will invite other neutral nations, in the interest of humanity and the maintenance of international law, to join with us in this policy of non-intercourse.

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AN OFFICIAL GERMAN VIEW OF GERMAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS

DR. BUENZ, director in New York of the Hamburg-American Line, has been found guilty in the United States courts of criminal conspiracy to break the laws regulating shipping. Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, attachés of the German Embassy at Washington, have been notified by the United States Government that their official presence in this country is no longer desirable. And the President of the United States, in a Message to Congress, has distinctly intimated that certain pro-German propagandists in the United States are engaged in a dangerous and incredibly disloyal intrigue against the interests of the United States. In view of these serious facts, The Outlook has made an earnest effort to get a responsible German expression of opinion on the situation. For this purpose a representative of The Outlook made a special visit to Washington last week. As a result of this visit we may say that a high authority has stated for The Outlook the position of German officials in the United States with regard to charges that certain of their number have been guilty of illegal acts.

"It is absolutely denied," says this authority, "that either Captain Boy-Ed, the German naval attaché, or Captain von Papen, the military attaché, has employed illegal means in performing his duties. That their recall has been demanded is due to accumulated suspicion on the part of the State Department of the United States, because of the connection of these two men with others who have procured false passports or are supposed to have engaged in plots involving illegal acts. The entire case against them rests solely upon suspicion; and, as the United States Government refuses to put the charges against them before the German Government, the German Government is unable to disprove these charges. Of course we do not deny that men coming over here from Germany and German-Americans have committed overt acts due to war hysteria or fanatical feeling. What we do deny is that because they have called on the German naval or military attachés, they have acted under their orders. What we most emphatically deny is that any member of the German Embassy or the German Government in this country has ever encouraged acts that were illegal. As to Captain Boy-Ed's connection with Stegler, the German reservist, we contend that the captain did nothing more than to give him money to go home with, which is perfectly justifiable, because he ought to have gone home to serve in the army. Stegler spent the money that was given him to go home with on a girl, and pretended to have married her, and then attempted to blackmail Captain Boy-Ed at her suggestion. It turns out now that she is a woman of no reputation, and that they are not married. The only reason that Germany desires to know upon what grounds the State Department asks the withdrawal of Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen is that if those grounds are not known the American people will believe all that they read in the newspapers that is discreditable to these men, and not only to these men but to other German officials. If we knew what the charges against Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen were, we could refute them. We assert that the actions of these two men have been absolutely within the laws of the United States and the rules of diplomatic usage. Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen have attempted in every legal manner to ascertain the movements of munitions in this country and to keep their Government advised. Where it was possible, within the law, they have attempted to block the flood of munitions from this country to the various allied Governments. The evidence upon which the newspaper charges have been made against German officials, the German Government believes, has been received in great part from detectives in the employ of the British Government, and should not be taken seriously by the people of the United States.

"It is a very grave charge that is made against Captain Boy-Ed—by the newspapers rather than by the United States Government—of an attempt to use Victoriana Huerta in Mexico to embarrass the United States. This charge, moreover, is of a political nature, and one that cannot be supported upon Secretary Lansing's statement that Captain Boy-Ed's and Captain von Papen's activities were of a military nature. Before Boy-Ed or von Papen could have

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taken any active steps to use Huerta in a military sense there must have been co-operation between diplomatic agents of the German Government acting either through the German Embassy at Washington or under instructions from the Foreign Office at Berlin. The Mexican matter the Germans deny absolutely. No member of the German Embassy has ever had anything to do with any Mexican politician. No member of the German Embassy has ever even seen Huerta. Detectives have brought evidence that Captain Boy-Ed had seen Huerta twice at the Manhattan Hotel in New York. This is absolutely untrue; he has never seen him anywhere.

"Illustrative of the manner in which news discreditable to Germany is manufactured in the United States is the recent story in the newspapers to the effect that Minister Ekengren, of the Swedish Legation in Washington, had permitted the German Ambassador to send cable messages to Berlin by way of Sweden in the Swedish official code, and that when the British censors discovered this ruse the Swedish Legation had permitted the sending of German reports in the Legation mail-pouch. Both the British Ambassador and the Swedish Minister emphatically deny this story, and the German Ambassador refused to dignify so gross a fabrication by discussing it."

THE RECALL OF THE CAPTAINS

A POLL OF THE PRESS

ON December 2 our Government requested the Government of Germany to recall Captain Karl Boy-Ed, naval attaché, and Captain Franz von Papen, military attaché of the German Embassy at Washington, on the ground that their further presence here is objectionable. In taking this action, it was added, Secretary Lansing was acting with the full approval of the President, who is understood to have determined that the United States shall be rid of any foreign officials who are obnoxious by reason of activities harmful to the best interests of the Nation. The official statement of the State Department is as follows:

On account of what this Government considers improper activities in military and naval matters, this Government has requested the immediate recall of Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, as they are no longer acceptable, or *personæ gratæ*, to this Government.

The New York "Evening Sun" thus explains:

There are no formal charges against them. America does not seek to establish any case against them, such as would almost necessarily implicate their own Government and increase the awkwardness of the present relations with Germany. America merely wants them to go. America has the right to say that they must go.

The Brooklyn "Citizen" says:

It pleases the German-American press to represent the course taken by President Wilson as a sop to England. Only German-Americans who allow their passions to get the mastery over their reasoning faculties will believe this.

And the New York "Times:"

No American citizen of German birth or descent who intends to make this country his permanent home can delude himself with the belief that our sentiments will change. . . . And it would seem reasonable to suppose that German-Americans who do intend to remain here would have it borne in upon them that they are not promoting their own comfort, that they are not maintaining the traditions of good citizenship (and we have been accustomed to extol the good citizenship of German-Americans) by declamatory persistence in extolling Prussian ideals which we have definitely and for all time declared to be unacceptable. The sympathies that ties of blood engender we can well understand, but we have not and cannot put out of our view the loyalty that should spring from birth or the oath of naturalization.

In the Buenz case the plea is made that, while the defendants might have been guilty of some technical violations of the customs laws of the United States, they had no criminal intentions. "Had no criminal intentions!" exclaims the New York "Telegram," and adds:

The German commander probably had no criminal intent when he sank the Lusitania.

This legal twaddle over technicalities makes it evident that even with the departure from these shores of the Oscar II the squirrels will not starve.

But "America will definitely approve this

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action" (of the State Department), declares the Chicago "Post." "There can be no doubt of that." The "Post" continues:

Misuse of American passports, interference with American industries, subvention of American newspapers, deception of American port officials, crimes of violence against American ships and factories—in all this long series the names of the German naval and military attachés have figured with "cumulative" effect....

Any nation less anxious to preserve a neutral position and shun the precipitation of the supreme issue with Germany would have sent Boy-Ed and von Papen home long ago.

And the Buffalo "Enquirer" says:

The demand for their recall comes long after popular convincement that the Government should take such action. If German officialdom should express its real opinion, it would be wonder that the United States held back the demand so long. The two captains have lasted months in Washington where they would have lasted minutes in Berlin if the case had been reversed.

"It is the only course the United States can take in the interest of National dignity and self-respect," affirms the Sioux Falls "Press," and adds:

The European war must not, shall not, be fought on neutral American ground. Twice we have served notice that this is the American position, that we are a neutral people, by requiring the recall of foreign representatives, in the first case the Ambassador from Austria-Hungary, and now the naval and military attachés of Germany. It should have, and doubtless will have, the desired effect so far as our internal interests are concerned.

The Rochester "Union and Advertiser" also thinks that our course will deter some who would otherwise be active in behalf of Germany to a degree that might disturb the peace and tranquillity of the United States. The Rochester paper continues:

Of course, if the example does not suffice, we have still the power and authority conferred upon our Government by our Constitution and the laws passed under it. It is time that the interference, if not on behalf of, at least in the interests of, Germany, with perfectly legitimate business in this country were ended. Much property has been damaged and many lives have been taken by these enemies of our country. Drastic punishment should be meted out to those found guilty of such outrages.

Why was the Department of State slow in taking action after it had the proofs of objectionable activity? For two reasons, replies the Waterbury "American." First, because of "the reported refusal to allow Brand Whitlock to return to Belgium." Second, because of the Lusitania controversy. The Waterbury paper thus explains:

Germany refuses to acknowledge her crime against humanity and to make the demanded disavowal and reparation to us. So long as the question of Germany's attitude was in doubt, the State Department, quite naturally, did not wish to make a move that would embitter Germany and endanger the Lusitania negotiations.

The difference between the offenses of the Hamburg-American officials and those of the two captains is thus pointed out by the Washington "Times." The first "violated our National statutes in the way they sent and tried to send supplies to German warships. But they were not tried for sending the supplies. They were not convicted because it was a crime to send the supplies. They have not been sentenced to jail because of that at all. They are to be punished for deceiving and for conspiring to deceive the Government—with false manifests—as to what they were doing, though it were proper enough to do the thing itself." On the other hand, the captains' offenses, asserts the Washington paper, "are different in an unqualifiedly reprehensible and absolutely unpardonable degree." The "Times" proceeds:

Official guests of this Nation, they plotted deliberately to involve its neutrality. Representatives of the German Government, bound by code not to betray our hospitality, they were, in effect, making war here on our soil, not only against Powers with which we are friendly, but against the American people themselves. Of all the hideous crimes—arson, dynamiting, murder—committed in this country in a lawless and cowardly attempt to stop our supplies from going to the Allies the Captain Boy-Eds and Captain von Papens undoubtedly are not directly guilty. But they have been the inspiration, if not the agency, of the Teutonic plots and conspiracies.

A comparison, in general, of the records of the nations at war in their dealings with this country suggests to another Washington paper, the "Herald," and to many another observer, a compelling reason why the American people cannot feel neutral: "On the one side their rights have been scrupulously regarded, on the other they have been ruthlessly trampled upon or secretly plotted against."

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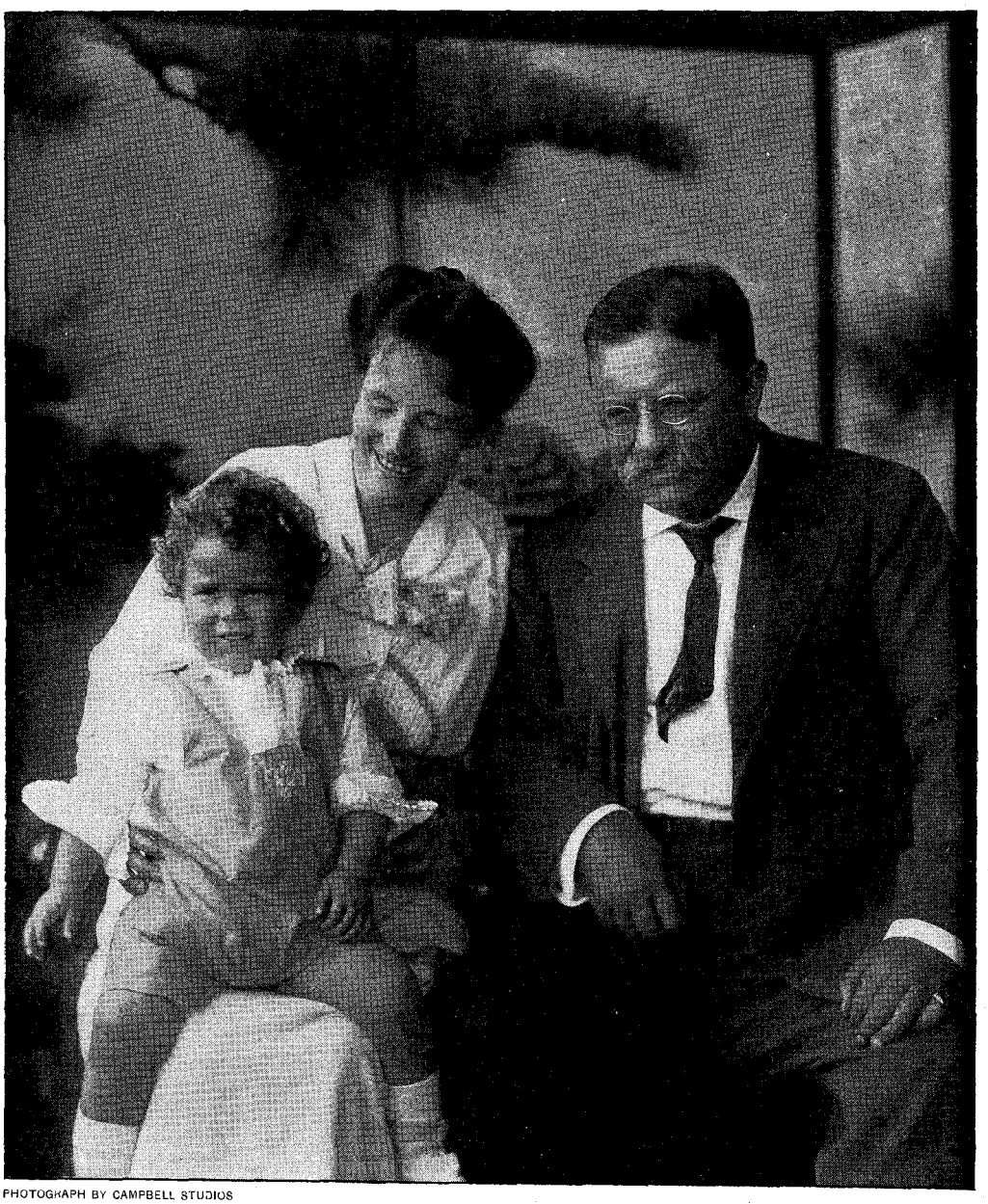
Current Events Pictorially Treated



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, MRS. ROOSEVELT, AND THEIR GRANDSON RICHARD DERBY, JR.

This is a delightful illustration of the American family—an institution of which Colonel Roosevelt has been one of the stanchest defenders

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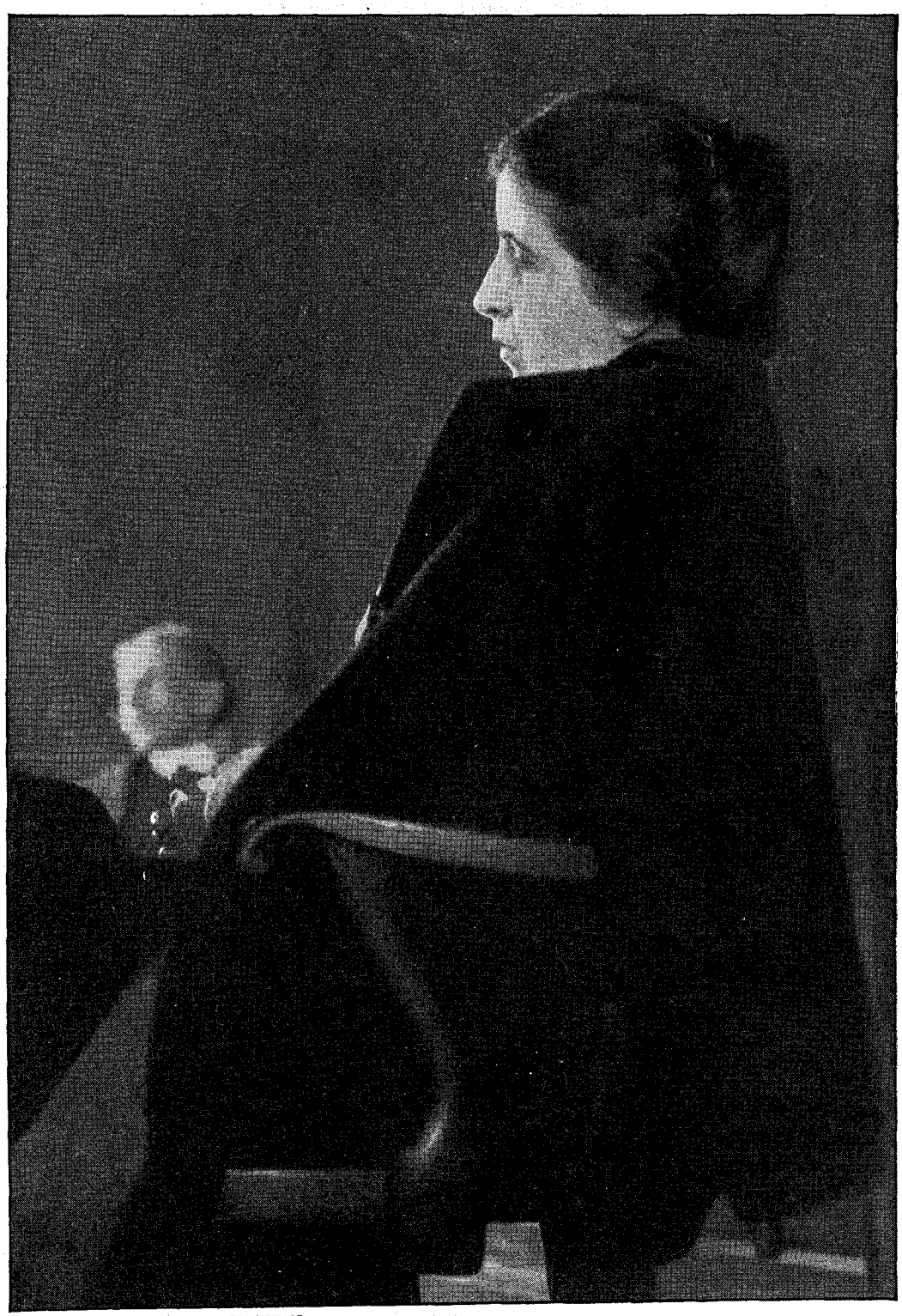

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ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

The recent attempt of the Paterson (N. J.) police to keep Miss Flynn from speaking in a hall in that city attracted much attention. It was followed by her trial for her activities during a strike among Paterson mill operatives, and her prompt acquittal. See editorial comment

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BREAKING THE SOD FOR A HOME THAT A GREAT FRATERNAL ORDER OF WOMEN IS BUILDING

The picture shows Miss Bina M. West, Supreme Commander of the Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees, breaking the sod for the Association's new building at Port Huron, Michigan. This organization is said to be the largest fraternal society in the world exclusively for women. It has 2,874 local organizations and about 186,000 members. The new building will cost about $200,000

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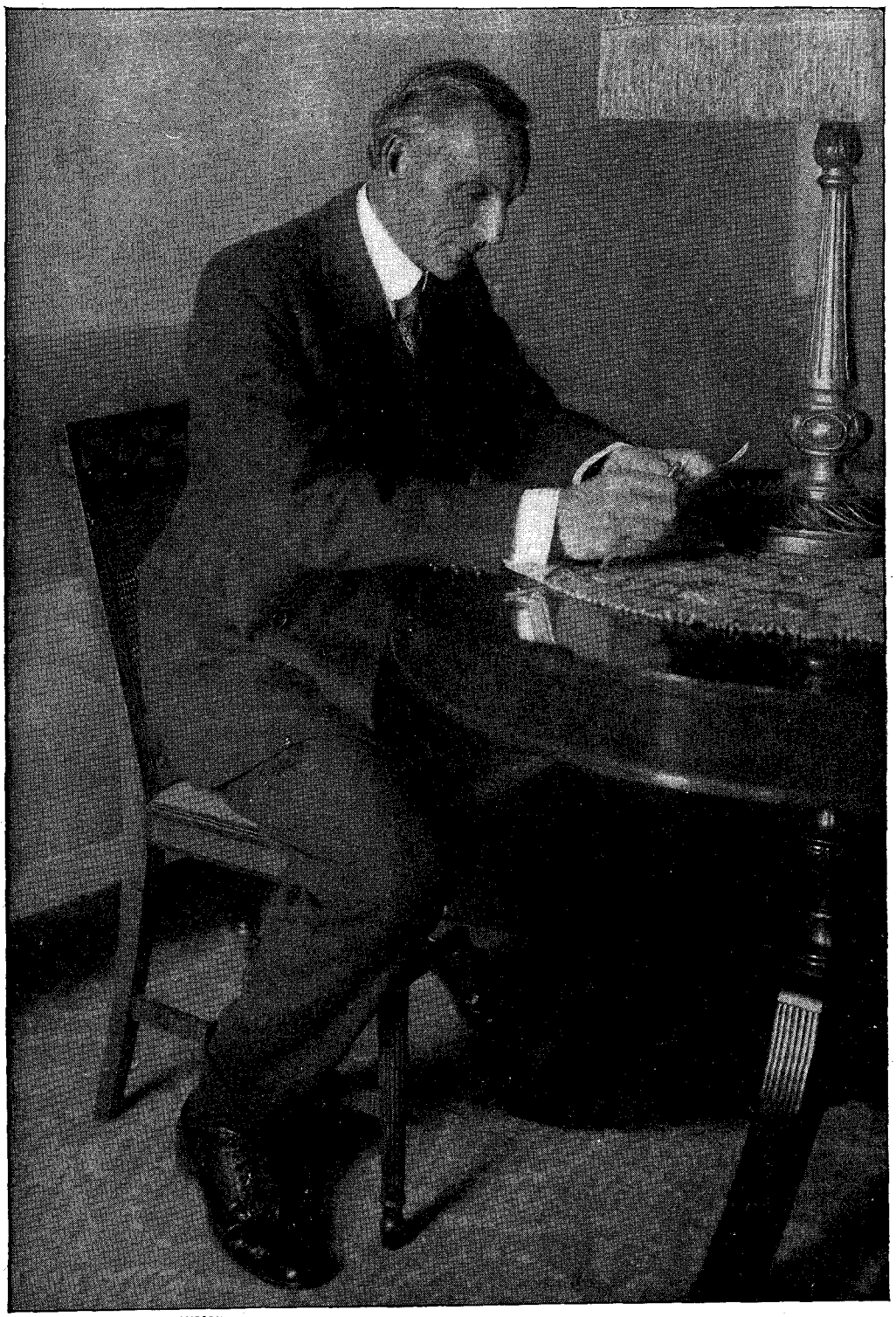

PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

HENRY FORD IN HIS NEW YORK HOTEL PLANNING HIS PEACE PROPAGANDA

See editorial comment

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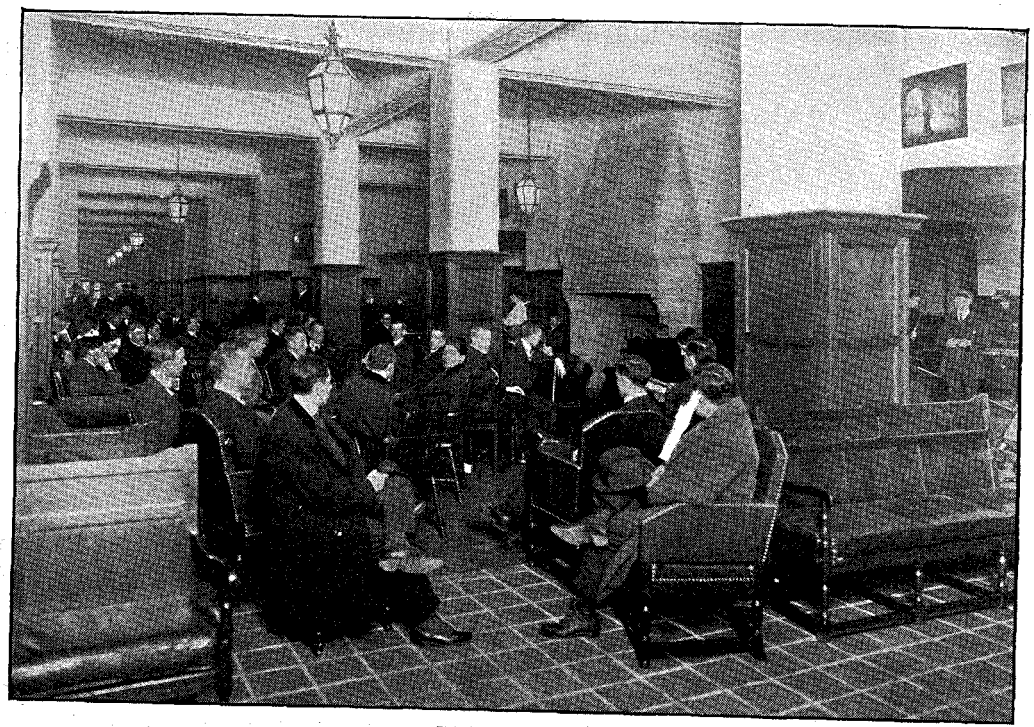
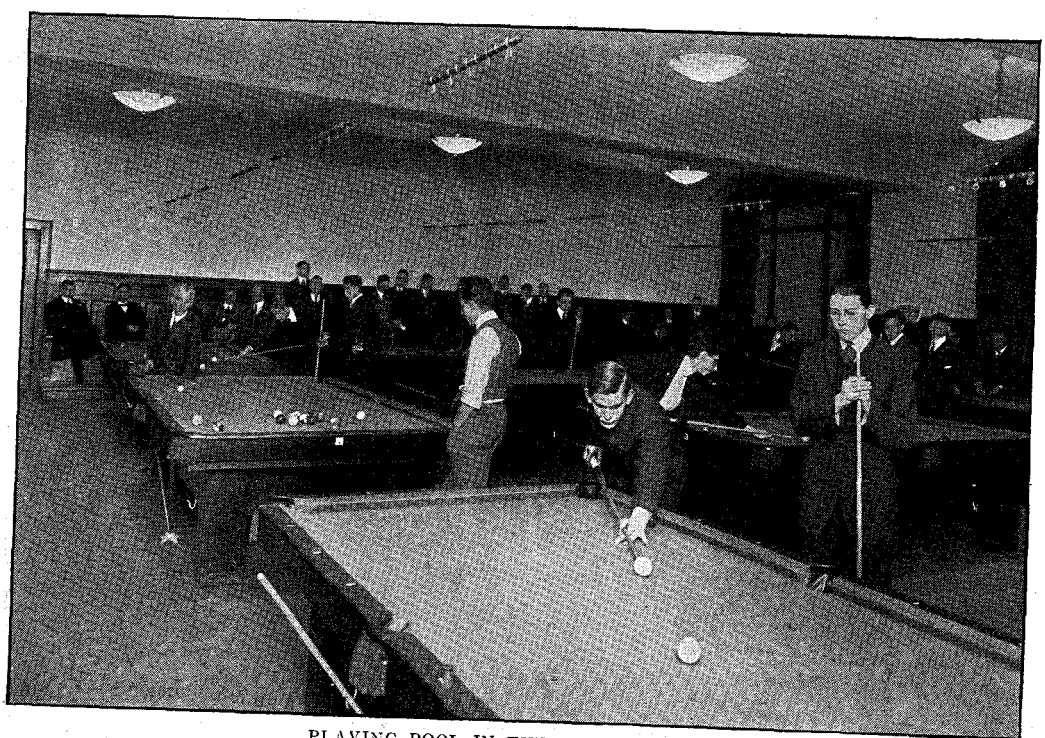


IN THE FOYER



PLAYING POOL IN THE BILLIARD ROOM

"A GREAT Y. M. C. A. HOTEL"

See editorial pages for a description of the new building of the *Young* Men's Christian Association, just opened, in Brooklyn, New York. The building is one of the largest and best equipped of its class in the world

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AN IMMIGRANT WHO WON A $500 PRIZE FOR A SCULPTURED GROUP, "THE IMMIGRANT IN AMERICA"

Beniamino Bufano, the prize-winner, whose picture appears above, came to America when six years old. He is now only twenty. His career is described elsewhere

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PHOTOGRAPH BY O. F. BROWNING, FROM A PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY A FRENCH SOLDIER-ARTIST, M. LAMBRECHT

A PICTURE MADE BY ONE OF THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES

A number of interesting sketches, of which the above is one, have been sent to America by the French authorities as examples of the work of soldiers at the front. These have been placed on exhibition at the French Museum of Art in New York City, and have won marked attention and admiration

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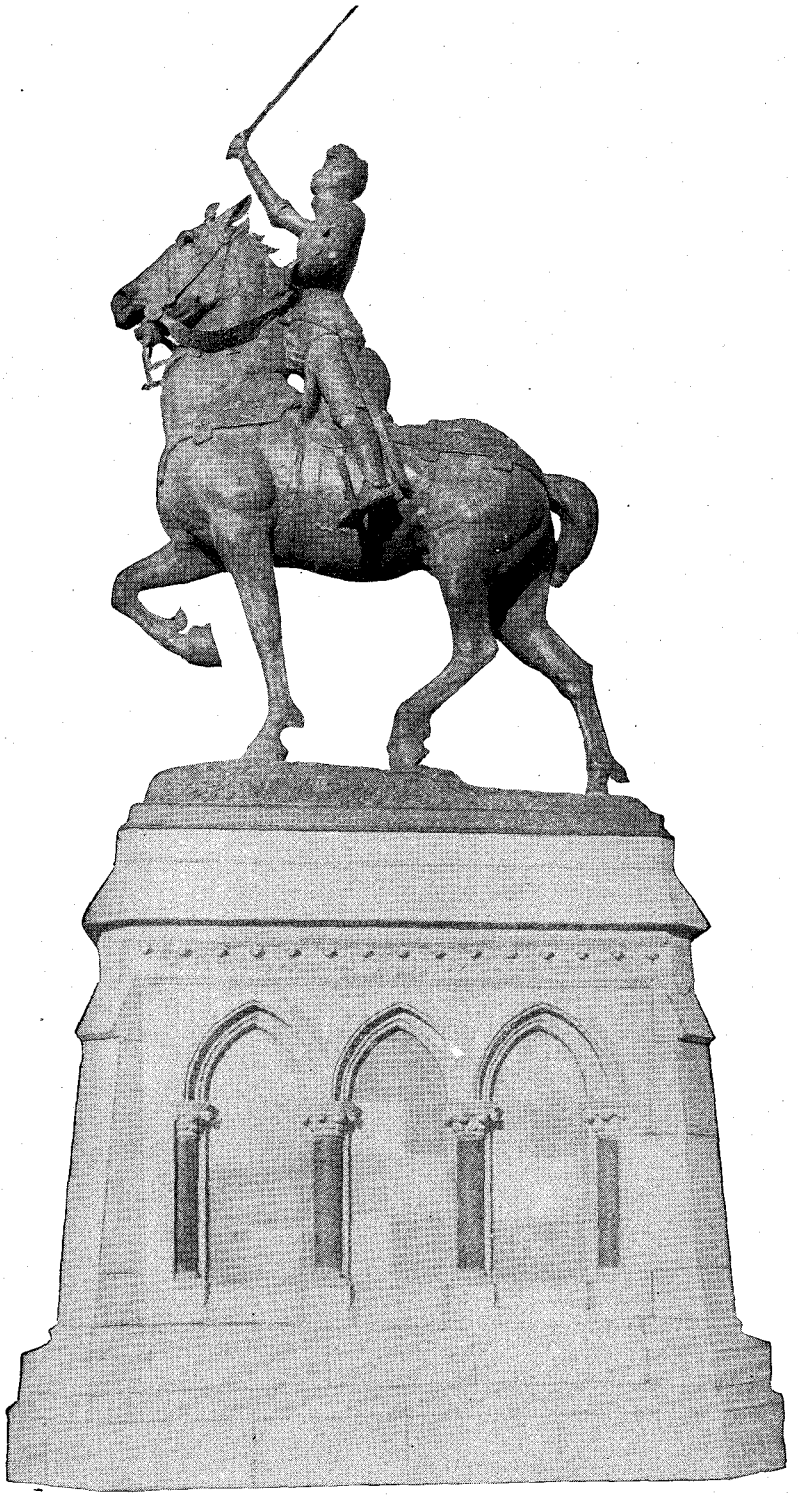

STATUE OF JOAN OF ARC JUST UNVEILED IN NEW YORK CITY

This statue attests America's interest in the great Frenchwoman who is also one of the world's heroines. It is the work of Miss Anna Vaughn Hyatt, of New York City. The pedestal is made in part of stones from the dungeon at Rouen, France, from which Joan of Arc was led forth to her martyrdom. See editorial account of the unveiling on December 6

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ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN: LABOR LEADER

Three weeks ago, under the title "Free Speech in Paterson," The Outlook told the story of the second expulsion from Paterson, without any legal proceeding, of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Later she was put on trial on a charge of exciting riot and lawlessness by a speech made long ago. She was acquitted, and her followers, and many also who do not at all agree with the propaganda of the Industrial Workers of the World, of which she is an exponent, regarded her acquittal as a victory for free speech. What manner of woman is this labor leader, just now so prominent in the public view? We have asked one who knows her to tell our readers. A portrait appears in our picture section.—THE EDITORS.

WHAT is she—this Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, who was tried again in Paterson last week and quickly acquitted? A strange sort of woman, so hated that a city's lawful authorities frankly break the law to keep her out, so championed that society women, factory girls, teachers, writers, lawyers, poor students, and folks who never saw her "chipped in" to raise her a defense fund—what is she?

To silk-mill owners and capitalists generally she is "that Flynn woman, loud-mouthed agitator, grafter, seditious criminal, who ought to be run out of town or hanged." All they know is that when she comes their factories fall idle and empty and their workers, thronging about a woman, swear they won't go back until the woman tells them to. So the factory owners refuse to talk over the strike with this woman, and soon she is arrested and tried, sometimes for one thing, sometimes another.

She's a little woman, is Gurley Flynn, and Irish all over. The Celt is in her gray-blue eyes and almost black hair, and in the way she clenches her small hands into fists when she's speaking. On her mother's side her great-grandfather Ryan was killed in battle with the English, and her grandfather Flynn fled to America with a price on his head for sabotage against the British Government. "Sabotage in Fenian days?" one asks, and Miss Flynn smiles as she explains that when forbidden their immemorial right of fishing in certain rivers he and his associates poisoned the streams, saying, "If we can't have our own, neither shall the English."

Sixty years later Miss Flynn finds the wrongs of the proletariat more moving than the cause of Irish nationalism, but her antagonism to constituted authority seems inbred. She was reared without a girlhood, with almost no childhood, for at fifteen she made her first speech as a "materialistic Socialist" before her father's club. At seventeen she and he were arrested for cart-tail speaking in New York City. Here is her own curt schedule from that time: "I have been arrested once in New York, once in Missoula, Montana, once in Spokane, Washington, twice in Philadelphia, twice in Paterson, *never convicted.*"

Elizabeth Flynn in the past four years has led three big strikes: the struggle of the textile workers in the mills of Lawrence, Massachusetts; then a short but bitter waiters' strike in New York City; and in 1913 eight months of war between the silk-mill owners and their employees in Paterson, New Jersey. In each struggle, she says, she has made herself hated and feared by those she calls "masters," while those she derides as "exploited" love and trust her. In Lawrence they trusted her even with their little ones. Like the Pied Piper, she left the city followed by the children of the workers, whom she carried off to New York to be fed and cared for until the strike was won. "Labor's Joan of Arc" they call her, and one, an Italian, said of her: "Women and children, and any man that lika mother and sister, lika Miss Flynn and listen."

In Paterson she has left the authorities still afraid. Since the strike "Gurley" has been forbidden to speak to the working people. When she persisted, an old indictment was revived against her. Although the Judge before whom she was tried was the same who watched the police bar her from a meeting, and these same police were witnesses against her, a jury from another county promptly acquitted her. Her defense had been undertaken by a committee of women none of whom was identified with industrial disputes. Their support could be explained only by their belief in the sincerity of the labor leader whom they called friend. Now that she is free they seek an injunction to make the legal authorities of Paterson obey the law.

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THE NATIONS AT WAR

THE BLACK COMPANY

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT

*About three months ago Mr. Gregory Mason, of the editorial staff of The Outlook, was sent by this journal to Russia to gather material for a series of articles which should report and interpret affairs and conditions in Russia as relating to the present war. Mr. Mason carried many introductions and talked with men of all ranks, from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the peasant. It was impossible for him to write and send articles while he was still in Russia, because he knew perfectly well that such articles, written frankly and fearlessly although impartially, would be stopped by the Russian censors. He made, however, copious notes in abbreviated form, and on leaving Russia these notes were secreted and taken across the border by a friend and delivered to him on shipboard. Otherwise they would not have passed the censor. The Outlook now has the pleasure of printing the first of the articles, which is in a measure introductory and includes what seems to us extremely interesting material gathered by Mr. Mason on his voyage to Russia.—*THE EDITORS.

MY first glimpse of the war between Russia and Germany was in Brooklyn. Theoretically the seas off the American coast to the three-mile limit set by international law are neutral territory, but for all practical purposes I stepped into Russia when I put my foot on the first plank of the Russian-American Line's Brooklyn pier. The approaches to the long gray dock and the two gangways planted against the side of the liner Kursk were guarded by special policemen in olive uniforms, and detectives scrutinized every box and bale that was being jerked into the vessel's hold by whining donkey-engines for signs of German tampering. No time bombs to blow out the ship's sides in mid-ocean would find their way into this craft if her owners and the Russian Government could help it. The baggage of every passenger on arrival at the dock was carefully searched for explosives, and once aboard the steamer the passengers were permitted to return ashore only by special permission of the captain, although the liner lay bound in her berth for fifty hours after the scheduled hour of her departure for Archangel, waiting for a delayed consignment of three hundred machine guns which were sorely needed in the sodden trenches before Riga. Else might an agent of the enemy have engaged passage on the Kursk, planted an infernal machine in his cabin, and slipped ashore at the last moment to avoid the fate which he had prepared for others.

A friend, coming to bid me *bon voyage*, being refused admission to the pier because he had no passport or steamer ticket, resourcefully wormed his way along one of the splintered string-pieces beneath the dock, and was dashing for an apparently unguarded gangway to the ship when he fell into the rough embrace of an enthusiastic and muscular detective. Only a prompt and emphatic identification saved him from arrest as a suspected dynamiter. To such measures of rigid precaution have the desperate and lawless activities of Germany's agents in America driven the transatlantic steamship companies.

The ship's passengers were made to feel distinctly secondary in importance to her cargo—the heaviest she had ever carried—consisting almost entirely of the stage properties of war, poorly disguised in boxes suspiciously long and narrow or suspiciously tall for the advertised claim that they contained "Remington Typewriters." Blatantly naked, however, were the rolls of cruel barbed wire that filled every nook and cranny between the boxes, and drove the majority of the steerage passengers from their purchased quarters into the second cabin. We boasted only five passengers in the saloon, four Americans and a Russian; and, as second-cabin reservations had been bought by only one person, there was ample room there for the one hundred and fifty steerage passengers who were forced out of the steerage to make way for barbed wire. About a third of this number were Russian laborers and small merchants returning home, but a hundred

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were Armenians who were voluntarily setting out for the Caucasus to fight the Turks. They were a motley throng as they scrambled up the gangway into their new quarters, tin trunks, paper suit-cases, large wicker hampers, and other nondescript hand baggage characteristic of the poor immigrant on their shoulders, one tanned young Samson carrying a huge blanket roll in one hand and a crude gilt-framed crayon portrait of his Caucasian parents in the other, while another youth, white tennis shoes on his feet and a tall hat of dirty white sheepskin on his head, guarded in his hands a new straw hat of the type with a rounded crown which was a Broadway fad during the past summer.

When at length the hatches had been battened down on the last piece of cargo—a huge box that might have held a hydraulic press, a mortar of large proportions, or a quantity of *chemadahns* (trunks), as the Russians call their larger shells, it was deep twilight, and the illumined sky-scrapers of lower New York towered like a cluster of giant lighthouses against a bottle-blue sky. Nearing the Narrows, the searchlight of one of the twin destroyers guarding the harbor mouth whirled across the heavens like a great silver sword and fell full upon us, and a moment later, to make the inquisition easier, a golden autumn moon climbed up and sat on the horizon wall. Satisfied by his examination, the destroyer whistled a shrill permission for us to proceed. Soon the pilot was dropped, the ship's nose gradually swung to a course much farther north than the regular transatlantic lanes lie, and in the ghostly light of the now haze-shrouded moon our voyage of mystery began. Save for the ship's captain, those on board knew only that our destination was Archangel and our war cargo the most valuable one ever landed at that White Sea port on the Arctic Circle. We might run through the Strait of Denmark between Iceland and Greenland or we might pass east of Iceland, standing the chances of meeting the German submarines that had been seen off the Norwegian coast. But certain it was that the Kursk must go far above the Arctic Circle—farther north even than the latitude of the Magnetic Pole or of Point Barrow, grim northernmost cape of Alaska; and, in readiness for either icebergs or the Germans who would like so well to jettison our cargo, two lifeboats were swung overside from the bridge, to hang there through the voyage.

Touched, perhaps, by the brooding beauty of the night and something of this sense of mystery that pervaded the ship, the youths of Armenia, black in the white moonlight, sang the weird chanting songs of the Caucasus, coming back frequently to a quavering refrain which ended in a crescendo wail:

"For the sake of God it is hard
To bow our heads to coward Turks.
It is better to die without bread
Than to surrender to the enemy—pitiless and infidel."

Long after the moon's height indicated the arrival of a proper bedtime, they sang, yet in the morning they were up before us, marching, wheeling, and going through rudimentary military maneuvers on the broad after main deck. Under the double leadership of a solemn-faced young man in a khaki uniform that looked like that of an American regular and a brisk little chipmunk of a fellow with a swarthy face, eyes that blazed like two small searchlights, and wide mouth that tried hard but in vain to suppress the contagious smile that had been born on it, they drilled in two groups, marching and countermarching, firing imaginary volleys with brooms as rifles, stalking imaginary foes in laborious crawlings over the deck, and perforating a large peach basket with their broomstick bayonets. Once the two commanders brought their companies face to face, and with sticks leveled they fired volleys into each other at close quarters, after a manner of fighting that has been unpopular since the Boer War. So close were the two groups that the broomsticks of the opposing front ranks almost touched each other. The men were aiming at the head.

"You fools," snapped the smaller commander, "don't aim at de heads! Aim at de big targets, de chests and de stomachs. We're after total killings, not fancy bull's-eye work."

"If de Turks do dat, it's bad for you, Charl' Chaplin," said a big dark man in the front rank of the group commanded by the little namesake of the world's most famous moving-picture comedian; "but if dey was tryin' for your head a regiment of dem couldn't get you ten feet away. It's ver' small and it's ver' solid."

At this quip, the first crack in a discipline that had been flawless for two hours, the men broke ranks as if on a signal, and with joyous whoops Charl' Chaplin was lifted high and spanked.

The big man who had chaffed his com-

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mander, and who had held the latter aloft while punishment was inflicted, approached me. He wore a brown cap, a tight red jersey that showed off each ripple of the muscles on his powerful frame, blue trousers, and a pair of bicycle shoes. On the broad crimson front of the jersey, in white letters, was the word "Indian," carrying a strong connotation, for the man had the high lean cheek-bones and varnished skin of an American aborigine. But I soon learned that he was a professional motor-cycle rider, and that this white-lettered garment of flame was his "colors."

"You goin' to fight, too, Mister?" he asked, sidling up and glancing at me somewhat warily.

"No, I'm not. I am an American, you see."

"What of it? Lots of us is Americans, but we're all goin' to fight. This feller's an American, but he's goin' to fight the bloody Turks. Ain't you, Slim?" he said, turning to a handsome man of about forty, with the lean grace and soft tread of a panther, who had come up behind us noiselessly to overhear the conversation.

"Betcher life I am," replied "Slim," with a flashing smile.

"But you are an Armenian, are you not?" I queried.

"By blood, yes. But I been a machinist in Springfield, Mass., for twenty-two years; got my citizenship papers, all my relatives here, hardly a friend in the old country, yet I'm a-goin' back to fight them Turks, an' payin' my own expenses too. Course, I've probably inherited an anti-Turk prejudice, but still I don't see how any American feller, born so or naturalized, can calmly stand by and see these Germans an' Turks butcherin' women and children and old men, and generally letting hell loose over a quarter of the globe.

"The Turks ain't so bad as the Germans, either. We've been fightin' the Turks now for several hundred years, and we know their ways pretty well. But the Germans are certainly teaching them tricks that they never dreamed of. Germany is bound she'll wipe all the Christians out of Turkey, and she ain't a bit particular how she does it."

This remark was applauded by a dozen of the speaker's companions who had gathered around us, and the man of serious mien in the khaki uniform said, quietly, in English that had no flaws:

"That's right; and even the Turks are becoming disgusted with the Germans' ways of making war. The Turk indulges in cruelty now and then, as a man indulges in alcohol or drugs, but the calculated, scientifically applied cruelty of the Germans in this war is even to him repugnant."

"Are you an American too?" I inquired, impressed by his easy way of speaking and the khaki clothes.

"Yes, by adoption. I've been in the States ten years. Graduate of an American business college. Have a small business of my own in Providence, Rhode Island. This is the uniform of the Rhode Island National Guard."

"Why do you want to fight?"

In a voice still quiet, but with something hard in it, he replied:

"The Turks killed my father, mother, and brother. Is that reason enough?"

Without stopping, he went on: "If it isn't, they carried off my two sisters, and you know what that means."

After a pause during which no one spoke, I asked:

"And after the war, will you come back to America?"

The sternness left his face, he smiled for the first time, and, shrugging his shoulders, answered:

"Oh, but I may be killed."

"We all want to come back to America, Mister," interjected a very young fellow, toothless and paler than the others, dressed for Arctic weather above the waist in heavy flannel shirt, red and black Mackinaw coat, and tall caracul hat, but tropically clothed from the waist down in white linen trousers, white silk socks, and white tennis shoes. "America is best place for Armenian boy. But we're all countin' on bein' killidd, so there won't be no bad surprises ahead for us."

It was true. To a dozen of them singly I put the same question during the course of the voyage, and each one answered that he hoped to return to America, but that of course the chances were that he would be "killidd." Yet they were impatient to get to the front, and a more cheerful company never sailed the seas. For eight days we saw no other ship, there was no event to break the monotony, and the only visible life apart from that on the Kursk were the whales that rolled and spouted in basking joy, and a hundred gulls that were always hovering

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over our wake, gladly flying across the Atlantic for the privilege of picking a week's free board out of the steamer's garbage. Yet the Armenians never seemed bored, like the Russians, who sat about and stared at the sea in a sort of bovine apathy. After two hours' hard drilling every morning the remainder of the day was spent by these quick, vital fellows from western Asia in leapfrog, or in the graceful dances of their country, which, unlike the dances of America, require slim, muscled bodies and a swift sure-footedness. And every evening, bareheaded in the still, autumn cold of the Arctic, they threw the chanted choruses of their songs at the sky where the Aurora Borealis flickered and flared like a fire behind a curtain.

The stories of all of them were much like the stories already told. Perhaps a fifth of them were naturalized Americans, another fifth had already taken out their first papers, and every one of them had been in America at least a year and could speak English. They were part of a stream of Armenians that has been pouring down into the Caucasus from the United States, Canada, England, France, and elsewhere, but particularly from America, for several months now, practically all of them Turkish Armenians, relying on the promise of the Russian Government that part of whatever territory which they may take from the Turks will be given to them as an autonomous Armenia under Russian protection. Almost every ship from New York to Archangel for the past three months has been carrying Turkish Armenians back to fight their hereditary enemy and his adopted war lord. They pay their own expenses back to Russia, are transported by the Russian Government to Tiflis, in the Russian Caucasus, where they are drilled by Russian officers and formed into Armenian regiments, the Russian Government supplying half of their equipment and they themselves buying the rest out of their own pockets. Most of them have had military training in Turkey. For instance, "Charl' Chaplin," the little leader who drilled his company on the careening decks of our ship, had been a lieutenant in the Ottoman army during the first Balkan War. By the 15th of last October 26,000 Turkish Armenians had taken the field against their ancient overlords, and 15,000 more were drilling at Tiflis, these groups being entirely distinct from the 75,000 Russian Armenians that had already been welded into the Czar's army. Fully 2,800 of these Turkish Armenians had been contributed by the Armenian colony in the United States. At the time this article goes to press it is safe to state all of the above figures with a twenty-five per cent increase.

The recruiting of these Armenians abroad has been conducted by the Patriotic Armenian Society, the Social Democratic *Huntchagist*. The word *Huntchagist* means alarm bell, and since its foundation this society has been watchful to sound the alarm whenever the liberties and rights of Armenians have seemed in particularly serious danger from Russia or Turkey. The *Huntchagist* was instrumental in starting the revolt of 1887 against Russia, whose policy had been sternly repressive since the assassination of the Czar Alexander II. It was Russia's promise to the Armenians to aid them in getting that security which Turkey had promised to give them by the Treaty of Berlin, with some additional pledges thrown in by Russia at the time of the opening of her Caucasian campaign against the Turks a year ago, which turned the feet of Armenians from all over the world back to the picturesque mountains between the Black and the Caspian Seas, where they have been vainly struggling for independence against Romans, Persians, Greeks, Tartars, Turks, and Russians since the first Armenian conquest by Pompey in 66 B.C. The Armenians have learned not to place great faith in the promises of Russia, but they now believe that the Armenian question, like the Belgian question, will be one to be settled at the international peace conference after the war, and they are confidently hoping that the Powers will insist that the Armenians get the reforms promised them by the Treaty of Berlin. Indeed, Setrack Shalon, leader of the Armenian colony at Providence, Rhode Island, who was in charge of those who sailed with us on the Kursk, told me that the allied Powers had privately given the Armenians assurances that their rights would be cared for after the war. The former head of the *Huntchagist*, a man named Paramaz, was hanged, with twenty of his compatriots, at Constantinople several months ago, but on the strength of the assurances of the Allies, his successor, S. Saba Koulian, has gone to Egypt and has organized, or is organizing, several Armenian units in the British forces there.

The majority of the Armenians on our steamer to Archangel had come originally from the city of Sivas, on the Kizil Irmak

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River, in northern Turkish Asia, or from the environs of that city.

"But there's no Armenians left in that old town," sadly remarked an Armenian who had been in America ten years, and still wore the blue shirt and cap of a porter at a well-known New York hotel. "They've all been killed or sent back into the Arabian deserts." He looked meaningly at a chubby young man with dancing black eyes, long black hair, and a month's growth of black beard on his plump cheeks—a shoemaker from Richmond, Virginia, the clearest singer and the most tireless dancer among the lot. "'Blackie,' there, had a wife and six children in Sivas," he said, "and he has given up all hope of them; hasn't heard a word from them since Turkey declared war. A month ago he began to let his hair and beard grow, and he has sworn not to cut them till he gets his first Turk."

The speaker, an oldish man, who had fought the Turks in his day, and who had himself recently lost a brother and father in one of the last outbreaks of Ottoman blood-frenzy, was the one pessimist in the lot. He alone was somewhat doubtful of the attainment of which the other ninety-nine were so confident, namely, the construction of an autonomous Armenian Republic under Russian protection, consisting of the provinces of Sivas, Erzerum, Van, Diabekr, Bitlis, Mamouret Ul Aziz, and Adana, with the city of Adana near the Mediterranean as capital, and with Trebizond as a Black Sea port.

The others, piling dream upon dream, sitting in the sun in the lee of the second-cabin smoking-room one afternoon, had come to the point of discussing candidates for the Presidency of the Armenian Republic, and were in the act of taking a straw vote to see how the preference lay among their own group, when the blue-shirted porter rose and beckoned me to the taffrail over the thundering screw, which was sending hundreds of gallons of foamy water up to the surface in boiling whorls.

"Poor devils, they'd better kill their goose before they cook it," he muttered; "and if they do kill it, before they can eat it they'll have to fight off the bear, who will want it all for himself.

"We're only fighting with the Russians by chance. Before the Germans got hold of the Turks they were easier on us than the Russians."

"Then why do you leave a good and certain job in America for the uncertainties of war?"

"What can we do? Every day we get word of friends and relatives killed. I just heard that my brother and a cousin were hanged. My friend over there"—indicating a prosperous-looking little man in a new fur coat—"had a good butcher business in Chicago, member of the Illinois National Guard, but he's just lost two brothers, so he comes too."

He was silent a minute, his eyes following the little specks of pearl and silver over our wake, which were the pursuing gulls, then resting on the broad westerly plane of the sea, glinting gold in the setting sun.

"Who owns the sea?" he asked, suddenly.

I told him that it was the property of no man or nation, but was subject only to certain international rules and guarantees, and he said, thoughtfully:

"That's good. Then it's the best place for Armenian boy to be."

Then, with sudden cynicism and an air of weariness:

"Oh, I know that international bunk. Belgium was subject to certain 'international rules and guarantees.' The sea, like everything else, belongs to the strongest. But I can tell you that if we can't cook and eat our goose we are going to make it feel pretty sick. At the meeting of this band of boys before sailing, when we elected a leader and pooled our money with a treasurer, we selected a name. It's hard to translate, but in Armenian it means 'the company of horror-spreaders.' We'll spread horror among the Turks. You might call us the Black Company."

For eight days we had seen no other ship, yet we knew what was happening in the world of man; we even knew that there had been a gun fight in the Harlem Casino and that two men had died because they wanted the same woman. From the United States, England, and Germany we got the essential news of the outside world without the padding that one must take with it in the metropolitan newspapers. The moon, rising suddenly on our port bow on the eighth night, told us that we were going to slip to the east of Iceland, preferring the chance of a submarine there to the certainty of ice on the other side. The Black Company was gathered in its usual place near the stern, singing its favorite battle song. Here is a rough translation which the

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wizened "Charl' Chaplin" wrote for me on the margin of a newspaper:

"ARMENIA

The imperious and enraged troops of the enemy
Surround our haughty mountains.
Don't lose your courage, brave Armenians,
This is not a novelty for you.
We have learned from our fathers to die like brave soldiers,
Who have died leaving us that advice.

Sasoon and Dalvorig are surrounded by the Kurds,
The passes of Dalvorig are closed with Turks.
We want to see you, brave Mourad,[1]
Draw your sword without fear.
Our brothers far away are not going to stay always indifferent.
They will come to your help soon.

We will go against cannon with brave hearts,
We will fight the famine with milk and vegetables.
For the sake of God it is hard
To bow our heads to coward Turks.
It is better to die without bread
Than to surrender to the enemy, pitiless and infidel.

Girls of Armenia, take powder and lead,
Fill the empty shells without fear.
And you, fearless women of Armenia,
Take sword and gun and encourage the brave boys of Armenia.
Let us free our Fatherland with the blood of your sons."

The moon slid behind a sable cloud, the quavering voices of the swarthy company which had mingled with the moaning of the north wind in the rigging ceased, when a pinpoint of light suddenly flashed far to port and began to signal in winking Morse. A light on our bridge winked back, our engines suddenly went dead, and we slid along in silent expectancy. In ten minutes we could make out a black shape—cruiser, submarine, or what? In fifteen we could see that she was a small passenger steamer, a British auxiliary cruiser, no doubt. A longboat put off, eight men at the oars and three officers in the stern sheets bulking huge in sweaters and life-preservers as they rowed under our stern, which was crowded now like a grand stand, no noise coming from us, and none from them but the muffled creaking of their oars. On a rope ladder over the port side forward the three officers came aboard and went at once to our bridge, and the eight seamen in the light from our decks turned up broad red British faces to chaff our crew, showing the name "Andes" on their hat-bands.

"*Gahvoritye li vui po Rooski?*" (Do you speak Russian?) I shouted at the largest of them, heavy but hard of body, whose face expressed good nature overlaying a shrewdness and a sternness that could not be trifled with—the sort of sailor that has kept England ahead on the seas since the defeat of the Spanish Armada. "*Gahvoritye li vui po Rooski?*"

"No, but we drink it," came the quickly bellowed response. "Got any with you?"

We had none, but we had cigarettes and American newspapers that were just as welcome.

The three wiry officers, all smaller than their men, climbed down again, having warned our captain to give the coast of Norway a berth of at least two hundred miles, for submarines of the Kaiser had been reported in the fiords. The long-boat shot away, eight sparks showing in the darkness where eight British tars were happily rowing in a perfect unison that brought from us a cheer which shamed the soughing wind and the shrill-crying gulls. The British navy, as usual, was on the job.

Six days more cruising the calm Arctic seas that Baffin and Barents cruised, where sea and clouds were so close that one could believe the quaint Roman myth that in the north the gods dwell, for there the heavens rest on the earth; and then again at evening we saw a light. After fully half an hour of winkings, in which we thought the craft must be learning the history and credentials of every one of us, a small fishing sloop converted into a patrol boat came within earshot, and in Russian a voice naïvely inquired:

"What ship is that?"

Learning that we were a friend with munitions, he bade us anchor, for the mine zone was near. We were close to Cape Swiattoi Nos (Holy Nose), and by the gray morning light we could see the barren coast of Lapland rising almost sheer, seamed and corrugated like a long gray pile of volcanic lava long cold.

Now we saw another instance of England's value to her allies in this war, for ahead were four little British steam trawlers, part of a dozen that Great Britain had sent from the North Sea to sweep away the mines from the approach to Russia's only open European port. The trawlers went ahead in pairs, each

[1] An Armenian revolutionist and hero recently hanged by the Turks.

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pair dragging between them a long iron chain. If any mines lay in our path, these chains would catch their moorings, bringing the huge submerged bombs to the surface, where they could be exploded with a rifle bullet or with a shell from one of the three-inch guns which each trawler carried. On the previous trip of the Kursk four mines had been destroyed, but this time the trawlers caught nothing in the thirty hours' run into the neck of the White Sea, whence it was safe for us to proceed alone.

Along the coast of Lapland we saw the disintegrating bodies of half a dozen mine-struck ships, and when we had fallen in behind our escorts at Swiattoi Nos there followed us in single file eleven freighters, some of which had been waiting a week for the arrival of a ship whose cargo was considered sufficiently important to warrant the despatch of trawlers to bring it in. We could not help asking ourselves, "Were Archangel a German port, would those ships have been kept waiting a week for such protection?"

Up to the first of October ten ships had been struck by these mines, and about a hundred of the infernal devices had been fished from the sea and destroyed by the Russians. The Slavs say that the mines are laid by neutral ships in the pay of Germany, and they declare that Norwegian fishermen are the usual offenders. Norway as a whole is distinctly in sympathy with the Allies, but her fishermen have a long-standing grievance with the Czar over the question of their rights on the Russian banks, and it may be that some of them are low enough to vent their spite in this diabolical form for German gold.

The White Sea, clear green at its entrance, became a dirty yellowish brown, a sign that we were nearing the mouth of the North Dwina River. Ahead, a long strip of breaking waves showed where the bar lay. At the deepest point there were only twenty-two and a half feet of water on the bar; we drew twenty-two feet, and dared not cross in the rough sea then running, lest a big wave slipping from under the vessel should let her down on the bar and break her in two. Twenty-four hours later a pilot took us through, the big ship trembling because there was no water under her keel, and spinning on her heel as she followed the twisting channel, only seventy yards in width, with Russian mines on each side, and farther back the combers breaking in white clouds on the shallows like shells bursting on a field of snow. That channel must be dredged before Archangel is accessible to the largest steamers. Inside the bar we anchored for the night, and in the morning saw before us a country which the tourist has never disturbed.

Saffron in the late-rising Arctic sun, the main branch of the North Dwina "stretched leisurely off in a pleasant plain" of dark-green, close-packed fir trees, so short that from the uppermost deck of the steamer we could see other branches and articulate veins of the great stream threading the widespread forest like bright-colored ribbons, some of them mere ditches, none of them very wide. The main channel itself was barely broad enough for two large steamers to pass each other—a process which was constantly going on, "empties" or ships with war supplies from America or England passing up the river, and cargoes of lumber, wheat, or butter going down.

With the Baltic closed to the butter trade and the Dardanelles locked on Russian wheat, these commodities are flowing out of Archangel as rapidly as the railway and docking facilities permit. From fifteen to twenty million poods of wheat had been shipped to Russia's allies between May 1 and December 1, according to our excellent and energetic Russian commercial attaché, Mr. Henry D. Baker, and nearly a million poods were waiting for steamers at Archangel when I arrived. A pood is thirty-six pounds.

Each bend of the river disclosed sawmills grouped on both banks, and the air was filled with the fine smell of clean lumber. Here and there on marshy patches between sawmills were small thatch-roofed log huts of the fisher-folk, and in the stream sad-faced women were rowing heavy boats which their lords and masters steered. The whole scene was busy, grimly energetic, yet almost melancholy—so far out of tune with the spirit of the Armenians, who, as usual, were dancing and pranking about the ship, that a Russian merchant of sober mien, looking down at them from the promenade deck, remarked:

"Poor fools! Don't you know that now there is an ocean between you and America? This is Russia."

Ten or fifteen miles of such scenery; then the river curved, widened, and on the left bank almost as far as the eye could see were the gold church spires of Archangel, shaped like giant beets with their roots in the air.

Archangel, somewhat above the latitude of

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Nome, Alaska, a town of about 20,000 inhabitants, with a small export trade in flax, furs, and timber, before the war, is to-day a city of 40,000, uncommonly unattractive, composed as it is mainly of yellow or brown two-story structures of logs and clapboards extending along the six-mile length of the Troitske Prospect, with a gold-and-white cathedral at intervals to break the monotony, but uncommonly in earnest for a Russian town. With thirty-five large docks where there were three or four at the beginning of the war, with a corresponding increase in the number of warehouses, business buildings, and offices, the town which Boris Gudonov opened to international trade has had a mushroom growth, yet bids fair to escape the swift decay of that vegetable. Except for the ice which locks the harbor for two or three months in winter despite all attempts to keep it open with ice-breakers, as a port Archangel has few equals in the world. With sixty to seventy miles of water-front, a river from one to three miles in width and twenty to forty feet in depth, with a little dredging Archangel harbor could hold the argosies of the world. Alexandrovsk, on the Kola Peninsula in Lapland, whose port is ice free, is being connected by rail with Petrograd and otherwise developed to take the place of Archangel as a breathing-hole for Russia in winter when the port on the Dwina is closed; but it will probably never have the trade of that port during the open season, for, in addition to a railway to the country's capital which is rapidly being improved and will eventually be double-tracked, Archangel has, through the Dwina, water communication with much of the interior of European Russia.

Yet with these facilities the city was clogged with freight when I saw it. The railway was doing its best, the river steamers were coming and going, and I counted eighty-six ocean-going steamers of an average of 5,000 tons burden in port, besides innumerable sailing ships; yet the sheds and warehouses were full, and the sidewalks, streets, squares, and all open places were piled with the sinews of war. All available tarpaulins had been used to cover the cotton, the ammunition, and the valuable machinery for making ammunition from America, yet there was much machinery left to stand and rust in the ceaseless rain and snow of autumn. An ambulance purchased by the American colony at Petrograd had been standing in Archangel six months, and supplies for the American Red Cross had been waiting there nearly as long. After years of carelessness and inefficiency these traits have become almost ingrained in Russian character. Awakened by the war, Russia is trying nobly to reform, not yet, unfortunately, with entire success.

Standing on a dock among bales of Virginia cotton, watching the efforts of stevedores and cargo shifters to bring order out of chaos, familiar voices assailed my ears.

"Hello, Mister! Armenian boy very glad to see you again."

The passenger ferry to the station on the river bank opposite the town was passing the pier end, carrying—bag and baggage—the Black Company. Always happy, the company's spirits were irrepressible now that the ocean was crossed and the dearly hated enemy near. Picturesque and temperamental they were, a bright bit of Oriental color in that dreary Russian landscape, as the ferry moved out into the river and they threw back that favorite verse of their war song:

"For the sake of God it is hard
To bow our heads to coward Turks.
It is better to die without bread
Than to surrender to the enemy, pitiless and infidel."

Mr. Mason's second article will present the results of an authorized interview with the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sergius Sazonoff

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CHARITY'S GREAT ADVENTURE

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE

The recent return to this country of Mr. Brand Whitlock, the United States Minister to Belgium, and the discussion that has arisen over the question whether he will be allowed by the German authorities to return to Belgium, make this a desirable time for a review and summary of what has been done in the way of Belgian relief. Mr. Whitlock, as has been more than once pointed out in The Outlook, has performed a splendid service, not only to Belgium, but to America, by his efficiency and fairness; and his work, both personal and official, has been of the highest order. —THE EDITORS.

THE Commission for Relief in Belgium—the membership of which is less than a hundred, all being Americans with the exception of six representatives of Spain, six of Belgium, one representative of the Netherlands, and one of Mexico—during the thirteen months of its existence has delivered in that unhappy country and in northern France approximately one million tons of food and clothing, a total that equals the greatest amount of freight of all kinds ever shipped from the port of New York in any one year by all the transatlantic steamship lines combined when ocean traffic was at its height. The proportion of clothing to food in these million tons, the value of which is estimated at eighty dollars per ton, is a negligible quantity—between three and four thousand tons. It being impossible to visualize a million tons, an idea of the magnitude of the amount may be gathered from the fact that if this quantity of merchandise were loaded into freight cars, ten tons to a car and forty cars to a train, and these trains started one after the other under an hour's headway, the procession would reach around the earth at the equator, a distance of twenty-five thousand miles.

The view that seems generally to be taken in the United States, however, that the nine million five hundred thousand Belgians and French within the German lines of occupation are being fed at the expense of the people of this country is a preposterously erroneous one. Indeed, Herbert C. Hoover, the chairman of the Commission, does not consider that the Americans as a people particularly deserve the gratitude bestowed upon them by the Belgians, who are renaming public squares in their cities for the great and benevolent "États Unis," and their streets and avenues for Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson, under the impression that it is mainly due to the generosity of this country that the martyr nation has thus far been saved from starvation. It was thought, when the chairman of the Commission made his first appeal to the American people for food and clothing for Belgium in October, 1914, that the United States, the only great nation untouched by the war, would respond more liberally than any other. Indeed, his challenge to his fellow-countrymen was: "Americans must feed Belgium this winter!"

And it looked at first as if Americans were going to do so. When, in the middle of last November, a branch of the Commission for Relief in Belgium was organized in the United States, with headquarters in New York, every one of the forty-eight States immediately responded directly or indirectly to the appeal for help. State committees were organized in thirty-seven States within the month. The country was sown with copies of the pamphlet, "Food for Belgium," which gave tables of food and quantities, with the approximate cost, that might be purchased at almost any grocery store. Other literature for purposes of propaganda went out from the Commission's headquarters literally by the ton; handbooks, circulars, and bulletins fell on the States in cloudbursts; 4,000,000 of them were printed and distributed. Three-color placards, representing scenes in Belgium, with printed instructions underneath for sending money and food thither, were sent to every grocer in America whose financial rating was above $5,000; one of these placards was hung in every post-office and express office in the country, as well as in store and shop windows everywhere.

The total result of the appeal to the American people has thus far been the donation of 71,000 tons (of the value of about $5,600,000) of the million tons of food and clothing distributed in Belgium, and $312,000 in money. The balance of the million tons of food and clothing has been purchased

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from the proceeds of funds raised by the Belgians and French themselves or donated by other nations, the French having paid for all the provisions distributed among their countrymen within the German lines. From Belgian sources, including institutions and individuals outside of Belgium, there has been turned over to the Commission more than $16,000,000. And this does not include an enormous amount expended for the alleviation of immediate distress among their own people by charitable Belgians—an amount greater than the total contributions for relief from all other sources. The British Empire has contributed more than $8,000,000 in money relief in Belgium; and Great Britain, in spite of the enormous expense involved in her participation in the war, is supporting 200,000 Belgian refugees on her own soil, and has done a large part toward clothing the civic population within the lines of German occupation. According to the Commission's latest figures, the United States, which is making money out of the war, has given only seven cents per capita to Belgian relief, while New Zealand, which is helping to bear the burden of the war, has given $1.25 per capita to the stricken nation.

However, whether or not the entire people of the United States are deserving of the gratitude of Belgium, that nation has been saved from starvation—probably from complete extinction—by Americans. It was a group of Americans in Brussels, headed by Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium, that first brought to the attention of the outside world, early in October, 1914, the desperate plight of the Belgian people, and it was through the efforts of these Americans, seconded by those of Ambassador Page in London, Ambassador Gerard in Berlin, and the State Department at Washington, that the Commission for Relief in Belgium was formed and permission secured from both the British and German Governments to send food through the war zone into Belgium.

In an address at the Mansion House in London last month Lord Curzon described the Commission as "an absolute miracle of scientific organization." "This is the first time in history that a whole people has been fed by a private organization," he said. "The wheat, the flour, the bacon, the rice, and the maize come, in the main, from North America and South America, but the task of purchasing it there, of engaging the shipping and transporting it to Europe, of landing it in Holland, through which it has to go, of preparing it for distribution, and of finally distributing it among the seven millions of people, is undertaken by this Commission, of which Mr. Hoover is the head. . . . Every pound of food and supplies is accounted for, and you have the remarkable fact that at this day bread is fetching no more in Antwerp or Brussels than it is in the city of London. And when it is remembered that the bulk of the work out there is voluntary work, is work gratuitously given by those who take part in it, that again distinguishes it from almost any previous attempt of the kind. Hitherto in political history you almost always find public relief, on a large scale at any rate, associated with extravagance and scandal. But in this case, and I think in this case almost alone, it has been synonymous with economy and efficiency combined."

Bread is not only fetching no more in Belgium than in London, as Lord Curzon remarked; it is really selling for less, and has been since the Commission began operations, a condition that is largely interdependent with that indicated in the following statement, that the bulk of the work is gratuitously given by those who take part in it. Other factors also contribute to this condition—the expert purchase of foodstuffs, and the generous reductions, in many instances, in transportation and buying charges. Nevertheless, if the Commission had paid itself, as well as the hundreds of Americans in Belgium, France, and the United States, together with the thousands of Belgians who render gratuitous service, there would be a different economic story to tell. Mr. Hoover figures out the profits made by the provisioning department of the Commission, in Belgium, and turned over to the benevolent department for the purchase of food for those actually destitute, which have been made possible solely by the volunteer executive, commercial, and transportation service, up to August 31, at $4,800,000, which he calls the measure of such voluntary service.

The work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium has just now reached what may be called its third stage. The first stage was that of pure charity—the procuring of food and its distribution in Belgium for the immediate relief of starvation. The first food to arrive—and it reached the stricken country early in November, 1914, just as the starvation point was reached—was 2,500 tons of wheat, rice, beans, and peas that had been

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purchased in London with funds subscribed by American residents of Brussels. It was followed by 10,000 tons of provisions, also purchased in London by the Commission that had just come into existence. A gap before the foodstuff donated in America began to reach Belgium, during which many of the sufferers would certainly have starved to death, was filled in by the borrowing by the Commission, on its word alone, of 10,000 tons of wheat from the Dutch Government, which was returned when grain from the United States began to arrive.[1]

At the second stage of the Commission's work, which began almost simultaneously with its organization, the Belgians were asked how much money they could raise among themselves to avert starvation. Leading men of the nation responded with the offer of all they had—the remnants of their shattered fortunes. Belgian banks and institutions got together $3,000,000, which constitutes the fund out of which are paid the carrying charges to Rotterdam of all purchases and donations, whatever part of the earth they may come from, thus making it possible to devote every dollar contributed in money or food value directly to the Belgian stomach. Belgium's former capitalists and men of wealth turned over securities negotiable outside of the country to the Commission, which raised $10,000,000 on them in London. The income from this fund and its constant revolution, with some $3,000,000 additional raised in Belgium or contributed by Belgians living outside of the country and $31,000,000 in charitable contributions in food, clothing, and money, has thus far paid the expenses of administering relief and kept the people alive. It was in April that the Commission extended its good offices to the 2,500,000 French people in dire need of food within the German lines, the necessary funds being supplied by French banks and institutions. The Commission is importing foodstuffs at the rate of about $7,500,000 a month, which are taken into the books of the organization at cost, or, in the case of gifts, at a valuation. The food is shipped to the various warehouses throughout the country under the control of the Commission and delivered thence to the communal officers, the commune being debited at prices on a basis that shows a small though distinct margin of profit over their import value—this with a view to impose on the better-to-do a part of the burden of caring for the destitute, the earnings of the provisioning department being turned over to the benevolent department. The communes, in turn, sell the foodstuffs to accredited tradesmen without profit to themselves. These tradesmen are required to submit lists of customers for approval to the communal officers, who then allow them supplies at a certain ratio per head, the price of resale being fixed. At present the destitute in Belgium, who are unable to pay anything at all for food, number somewhere near 2,000,000 of the total population of 7,000,000.

Another department established by the Commission for Relief in Belgium at the second stage of its existence is that of financial relief and exchange, which it is estimated has already kept five hundred thousand people from the destitute bread line. A cycle of credit was based on the receipt by the Commission in New York, London, and Rotterdam of sums due within Belgium, which the Commission added to its immediate resources, and the payment within Belgium of these obligations in the paper money the Commission received for food. The communes have thus been able to procure money to pay communal officers, to maintain the schools, and to keep up municipal works. Belgian commercial concerns whose local revenues had been exhausted but who had money due them abroad have been enabled through the Commission to collect these debts, which it pays to them in the Belgian paper it takes for food. Many hundreds of Belgians out of the country now remit monthly from their savings to relatives and friends in Belgium through the department of financial relief and exchange. The Commission has also made an arrangement whereby a monthly sum of money is provided for the Belgian Savings Bank, and remitted through the department of financial relief and exchange to enable this institution to pay interest on its deposits, and thus a widespread and deserving class of people have had some income restored to them. Through this same department money provided by Belgian institutions outside of the country is remitted to a co-operative loan society that has been established in Belgium to make small loans to people who have some property left, the amounts advanced being calculated according to the necessities of the borrower. The Commission has also made arrangements

[1] A stirring account of the daring and efficiency by which Mr. Hoover accomplished his purposes was given in a sketch of Mr. Hoover by Lewis R. Freeman, printed, with portrait, in The Outlook for September 8.

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with the Belgian Government at Havre by which that Government has paid certain taxes collected before the war began, and due to the provinces, and has remitted salaries due to school-teachers at the outbreak of the war. More than twenty million dollars has already been distributed throughout Belgium through the department of financial relief and exchange.

Through the efforts of the Commission, negotiations, participated in by Americans. Belgians, and Germans, were begun early in June looking toward the drastic control of the 1915 harvest in Belgium, as a result of which a part of each peasant's production of foodstuffs has been left in his possession for food for his family and next year's seed, the excess being taken over by the Commission at a fixed price to be distributed with the imported food throughout the country. This excess was not large, but the agricultural community, about 1,250,000 people, is temporarily removed from the care of the Commission. The potato crop, a great staple, was an exceptionally good one, and it is hoped that it will be sufficient to supply the country until the next harvest. Laws have been enacted whereby severe punishment will be visited upon persons outside of the Commission who traffic in breadstuffs.

A member of the Commission who has recently returned to the United States after two months in charge of the relief work of Luxemburg, and who had previously done service for three months in Valenciennes and four months in Brussels, reports that the relations between the Americans and Germans in Belgium and northern France have become entirely harmonious, and even friendly. "Officers of the German army, generally of the rank of captain," he says, "are especially detailed to deal with the members of the Commission delegated for the work of food distribution; and, while all business is transacted on formal diplomatic lines, there is no unnecessary red tape. The Germans have given us special railway rates for carrying our food, and are more than prompt in supplying us with cars—the only exception to this rule being in cases of military necessity, such as the transportation of troops. A German officer has written a sympathetic and appreciative brochure on the work of the Commission, which has been published—in German, of course—and is being distributed from the German army headquarters. In Valenciennes the German officers assigned to food distribution and the delegates of the Commission are living in the same house."

The third stage of the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, upon which it is now entering, is that of the at least partial industrial rehabilitation of the country—perhaps the most difficult of the tasks yet attempted. When the war began, Belgium was the most densely populated and highly industrialized state in Europe; three-quarters of her people supported themselves by commerce, and her exports and imports were nearly three times as great per capita as those of France and Germany. The principal industries of the country are dependent almost entirely on imported raw material, and its principal markets lie outside its borders. The German argument against allowing the Belgians to manufacture goods to be sold in neutral countries is that it will be almost impossible to prevent such goods from getting into England, France, or Italy; but Governor-General von Bissing has signified his willingness to confer with the Commission as to measures for carrying out an industrial project.

Ten ounces of food per day—about one-quarter of the average amount consumed by the average adult in this country—is the ration allowed by the Commission to each adult in Belgium. No matter how much money a man may have, he cannot purchase more, and his entirely destitute brother is given as much. By means of the economic measures adopted by the Commission and based on the ability of a part of the people to pay for their food, it is enabled for the present to provide the bare minimum of sustenance that will keep alive the 9,500,000 Belgians and French who are captives in their own countries. And now another crisis is impending. Three millions of these people—men, women, and children—are in direst need of warm clothing. To clothe them will call for the outlay of $4,000,000 in money or *new* clothes, the rigid health regulations in force in European ports preventing the bringing into Belgium or northern France of second-hand wearing apparel. President Wilson is so much impressed by the gruesome possibilities of the situation that he has appointed a committee of prominent Americans to cooperate with the Commission in bringing before the United States the needs of these increasingly unfortunate victims of a war not of their own making. Without immediate assistance their sufferings will be fearful, often fatal.

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KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

WHITHER?

THE "Atlantic Monthly," a few months ago, published an interesting article bearing the title "Whither?" It has since been republished in a booklet by Houghton Mifflin Company. The author apparently thinks that the modern world is drifting away from the spiritual life of the past. A single quotation must here suffice to indicate his spirit:

> There is much about reform, suffrage, the fighting of Tammany, measures for the physical betterment of factory boys and girls. There are many wrongs to right, for the most part centering in the body; but, in spite of my sympathy with each distinct measure, and my strenuous efforts to help forward some of them, I feel great sense of lack. The horizon is near and attainable; the sky comes down like a brass bowl over our heads; I stifle in this world of nostrums, of remedies, of external cures for moral evils. This superficial material optimism which ignores the deepest need, the deepest answer, fails to suffice. One is aware of a lessening life, a drying of the very sources of vitality; the old sense of illimitable destiny, of greatness, of the challenge of eternity, is gone.

This booklet is well worth careful reading. It presents a view of modern life which men of a more hopeful temperament ought not to ignore. It is true that church attendance has diminished—even habitual church-goers are generally satisfied with one service on Sunday. The strict rules which our fathers maintained for Sabbath observance are relaxed. Few or none accept unquestioningly the old creeds in their fullness. Some disavow creeds altogether, some materially modify them, some preserve the old words but put a new meaning into them. Most Protestants avowedly reject the authority of the Church, and an increasing number refuse to recognize the Bible as a final and ultimate authority. With the growth of wealth has come a growth of extravagance, luxury, and display. With extravagance, wastefulness; with luxury, weakened character; with display, puerile vanity. And now comes this terrible war in Europe, with its revival of pagan barbarism both in spirit and in methods. Whither are we drifting?

Nevertheless, I believe that we are not drifting away from the Christ life, but are voyaging toward it; that never was an age characterized by greater manifestation of the Christ spirit; that nowhere is a country in which more of that spirit may be perceived.

In the seventeenth century to be religious was to retire from the world. The voice of Christ which the Church heard was: "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest," and the last words of that invitation, "a while," they did not hear. To be religious was to leave one's home, one's industry, the common life, and retire to a monastery and there practice the exercises of religion—fasting, prayer, meditation. These mediæval saints were not wholly unwise. If you cannot resist a temptation, escape from it. They rendered the world incomparable service. They kept alive reverence for motherhood by their reverence for the Mother of God. They did what they could for the poor by charities at the monastery door and for the ignorant by schools under the protection of the cross. But that was all—perhaps it was all they could do. Their cathedrals were magnificent palaces where the sacred wafer might dwell in state, and their energies were mainly directed to paying reverence to it as to their feudal lord.

The Lutheran Reformation brought with it more than a change in doctrine or worship; it brought a change in point of view. Insisting on the right of private judgment, it insisted on instructing the private judgment that it might judge wisely. The pulpit took its place beside the altar. The preacher took the place of the priest. The churches became meeting-houses where the laity assembled for spiritual instruction. For the confessional, in which the individual was told what he must think, was substituted the great congregation, in which the people were inspired to judge of their duties for themselves.

This, therefore, was the age of creeds. In this epoch were framed the more elaborate creeds of Christendom—the Decrees of the Council of Kent, the Thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopal Church, the Westminster Con-

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fession of the Presbyterian Church, the Heidelberg Catechism of the Dutch Reformed Church, the Savoy Declaration of the Congregational Church. In this age were born also the great missionary movements of the world, in the Roman Catholic as well as in the Protestant Church. Francis Xavier was as truly a product of the Reformation as Luther and Wesley. The word of the Master which the disciples heard was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." By the close of the eighteenth century the age of spiritual retirement and repose had passed; the age of intellectual activity had come in.

With the close of the nineteenth century and the dawn of the twentieth century there began a new era in the history of the Christian Church. The voice of the Master is still heard saying, "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest a while." The wise man keeps some time for repose—when the body may recruit its spent energies, the mind recover its exhausted elasticity, the spirit may be quiet and receptive. There yet are times when the soul can do nothing so wise as simply to be still and know that God is God. The voice of the Master is also still heard saying, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Never were there so many as to-day answering that call in both home and foreign lands. Never was consecration more complete or martyrdom faced with more unfearing faith than to-day.

But to this age has come another voice of the Master, "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you." How was Christ sent? He has told us:

> The Spirit of the Lord is upon me
> Because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor:
> He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted,
> To proclaim release to the captives,
> And recovering of sight to the blind,
> To set at liberty them that are bruised,
> To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

This is the voice that now is calling us. And the age is responding. Never before in the history of the world were there so many who were visiting the sick and the imprisoned, seeking to heal the broken-hearted, laboring in hospitals and asylums to minister to the handicapped, dwelling in the slums in the very spirit of the Master that they may carry glad tidings to the poor, working despite opposition and misconstruction to substitute for a system of vindictive justice a system of merciful redemption for the criminal—never a time when so many have been ready to pour out their lives that they might set at liberty them that are bruised.

Follow me, said the Master. Who follows him?

He went apart by himself at times. No one fully follows Christ who does not find or make time for quiet, undisturbed devotion. But these quiet times were to the Master always preparations for his life of activity. To retire from the world to save our own souls is not following him who came into the world to save the souls of others. He preached; but he did more than preach. He fed the hungry, he healed the sick, he comforted the sorrowing, he gave hope to the despairing, he proclaimed forgiveness to the repentant, he brought life to the spiritually dead. Whoever is doing these things is a follower of Christ, whatever name he gives to himself—Roman Catholic or Protestant, Jew, pagan, or Christian.

I see and feel the horrors of this European war. I hear the sound of the bursting shells and the groans of the wounded and the dying. But I also see the splendid life of love, service, and sacrifice in camp, hospital, and trench. I see the loyalty of the common soldiers to their king, their country, their ideal; mistaken loyalty it may be, but divine in its glad suffering and sacrifice. The minority who have brought on this war are sordid, rapacious, cruel, but the majority who are carrying on this war are noble, high-minded, self-sacrificing. I see in the hospitals nurses and physicians ministering to the wounded. I see in the camps representatives of the Young Men's Christian Association of all nations ministering to each other. I see a spirit of brotherhood victorious over the enmities of the battlefield and the before insuperable barriers of caste. I see denominational distinctions forgotten. While learned divines are eagerly discussing the question how the different branches of Christendom can come together on the basis of some new catholic creed, I see Roman, Greek, Anglican, Lutheran, and pagan coming together, not only for mutual service, but in a common worship on the basis of a common humanity. And this common experience of humanity has its inspiration in a profound spiritual faith. Here is an incident, one of many similar incidents, which I clip from an article

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on "Religion in the French Army" in the October "Dublin Review:"

The regiment was in the trenches, and under heavy fire. Suddenly a priest from the Basque country, a corporal, leaped upon the bank exposed to all the enemy's fire. They cried to him to come down, but he commanded silence with a gesture. "Many of you," he said, "will never come back. I am going to give you absolution." He knelt down, his whole body exposed to the enemy. Every head in the trench was uncovered. With a voice that trembled a little he said the *Confiteor*. A bullet whistled by his ear, he faltered a little, but soon recovered himself and finished steadily. Then he gave the absolution, and added: "For your penance you will say with me three Our Fathers." Calmly and with joined hands he went through the prayers, still kneeling there, while the others repeated them with him. Then he dropped back into the trench, quickly enough this time, and, the danger once over, began to laugh. Among his hearers there were several who felt more inclined to cry.

Can any one read this incident and doubt that there is a real spirit of divine loyalty to God and man in the European battle-fields?

We have made Christianity a sect—a great sect, a noble sect, a world sect, but still a sect. We have treated Jesus Christ as the founder of a religion. We have said, Confucius founded a religion, Siddartha founded a religion, Zoroaster founded a religion, Mohammed founded a religion, and Jesus Christ founded a religion. And we have them put alongside each other in our study of comparative religion in order to see which is the best. Or we have said, Let us take the best from each of these religions, and out of them make the universal religion of the future. But Jesus Christ did not come to found a religion. He has told us what he came for. I came, he said, that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. Whoever takes that life, lives that life, follows Christ in the living of that life, is a Christian because he is Christ's disciple, Christ's follower.

Jesus found industry servile, the hands of labor manacled, the back of labor bruised and bleeding, and men thinking that to labor was ignoble and to live on other men's labor was noble. He has changed, or at least is changing, the thought of the world with his message, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Wherever his influence dominates society, labor has become a ministry to others. He found a good will that bound husband and wife and parent and child together in families, often in tribes, to some extent even in nations. He came to transform the family bond, the tribal bond, the national bond, into a perfect bond, a human brotherhood as wide as the world and as lasting as time. He found reverence existing, but it was the reverence of fear for an almighty power not always even just and rarely merciful. He substituted the reverence of love for a mercy that endureth forever, a mercy so illimitable that not even his Church has yet been able fully to believe in it. He found a worship of sacrifice to propitiate an angry God. He told them that their Father asked for no sacrifice, that he sacrificed himself for his children; for the worship of fear and trembling he substituted the worship of hope and love and gladness.

Whoever takes that life of faith and hope and love from the Christ, and carries it out in life as Jesus carried it out in his life, is a follower of Christ, whether he be a Jew or a Gentile, whether he be pagan or Christian. For to be a Christian is not to believe a creed nor to recite a ritual; to be a Christian is to carry the spirit of love and service and sacrifice into all life.

Am I dishonoring creeds? No; but I am pointing out the fact that there is a better way to demonstrate the truth than merely by talking about it. Actions speak louder than words. I can sit down with my skeptical friend and argue with him the truth of the new birth, and neither by Scripture nor by philosophy can I convince him. But when he sees John L. Sullivan, ex-prizefighter, rising from a bed of sickness, where dissipation has laid him, and going forth to be an evangel of the Gospel, preaching it from ocean to ocean across this continent, he will not doubt that there is such a phenomenon as newness of life. I can seek to prove to him the divinity of Jesus centuries ago and my arguments will leave him unconvinced. But when I point him to General Armstrong, who gave his life that he might rescue the Negro from himself and make a man of him, when I point him to Dr. Grenfell, who has given himself to an unknown and uncared-for people in Labrador, can he doubt the divinity of the Christian life as it is shown to him by the men that are to-day full of the spirit of Christ? I can explain to him a doctrine of sacrificial atonement, and it will seem to him a mere scholastic theory, and perhaps it will be, as I state it, nothing more than a scholastic theory. But sacrificial atonement is not merely a historic fact; it is a present experience. Recently I heard from an eye-witness an account of the sacrifice of sixty-three Christian

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girls who were carried off from their Christian school to Turkish harems because they would not renounce their Christian faith. Who could hear that story and not believe in the reality of a continually repeated Gethsemane and feel himself lifted up out of his own horrible selfishness and filled with a new enthusiasm for the spiritual faith for which he has not to suffer as others do? We never understand the passion of Jesus Christ except through our own passion, or the divinity of Jesus Christ except by sharing something of his divinity, or the new and divine life save as we are ourselves made participants in that life of God in the soul of man.

I believe, then, that we are not drifting away from the Christ life, but voyaging toward it; that the age busy in doing Christian work is more Christian than the age busy in framing Christian creeds or retiring from the world to meditate on Christian truth. There is less worship of fear and more service of love. We reverence symbols less and spiritual realities more. Our creeds are shorter and perhaps vaguer, but our faith is more vital. Fewer men are meditating on the will of God, but more are doing his will. Fewer men are meditating on immortality, but more are living the life that really is.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

A DIPLOMATIST OF OLD NEW YORK

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

LOVERS of Washington Irving and the good old times of the Knickerbocker writers, as well as those who happened to know that charming American scholar and gentleman James Carson Brevoort, whose house was long a center of the most interesting social life, will find the "Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) very good reading. Henry Brevoort was one of Irving's closest friends; and James Carson Brevoort, his son, was Irving's Secretary of Legation at Madrid. So many Americans have developed striking ability as diplomatists that Irving's early service of his country in Spain is almost forgotten; but it is worth while to revive the fading memories of old New York and of its pleasant provincial society in order to discover that even in that far-away age, when America was still intellectually a province of Europe, the American spirit was defining itself in diplomacy. The friendliness of the New World was already one of its prime characteristics; and that friendliness was expressed in one of its earliest diplomatic representatives.

Irving's task at Madrid was very different from that of John Adams in London; but, while he had no great crisis to deal with, he was a true interpreter of American neighborliness at the Spanish Court. He had had a good social though in no sense a diplomatic training.

New York was a very pleasant town when Washington Irving landed after a heavy snowstorm on his return in February, 1806. He had made his first visit in Europe, and returned after a passage of sixty-four days in high spirits and ready for the adventure of life. One of his biographers has called the New York of that day "a handy city." One could know the people in it and get about it with comfort and with little expenditure of time. The old Dutch village had become an English city, with an infusion of strongly marked French men and women of the Protestant faith; it had been burned from Trinity Church to the Battery during the British occupation, but it had plucked up courage and had grown, not with the magical rapidity of later years, but in a wholesome and pleasant way.

It had become a "town" in the sense in which that word was used by the contemporaries of Addison and Steele. There were a sufficient number of people of similar interests and associations to form a pleasant society, and this society had certain distinctive traits which offered material for satire and humor. It was a convivial but not a gross age. The young men of Irving's generation took time to be merry without serious dissipation. They thought themselves men of the world, but their world was small and on the whole wholesome. Among them were Henry Ogden, Henry Brevoort, the Kembles, Paulding, and Washington Irving's brother Peter. They represented the old New York families. They were men of cultivation and they made a pleasant little bohemia which was not divorced from the society of the town—a society enlivened and

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adorned by what was called at that time "the gentler sex."

There were nine publishers and booksellers in New York in the year of Irving's birth; and one of them announced the publication in that year of "The Power of Sympathy; or, The Triumph of Nature" as "The First American Novel." The young gentlemen at Columbia College were delivering essays on "The Progress and Causes of Civilization" and on "The Rising Glory of America." There were five newspapers in the town, and there had been a magazine, born only to decline and perish. The journalistic style of the day was chaste and eloquent. Washington came to town on a highly decorated barge from Perth Amboy for his inauguration. He was met by a group of beautiful ladies; and one of the newspapers, in an elaborate description of the event, said: "The voices of the ladies were as superior to the flutes that played with the stroke of the oars in Cleopatra's silken-corded barge as the very superior and glorious water scene of New York Bay exceeds the Cydnus in all its pride." It is unfortunate that Shakespeare did not have this passage at hand when he wrote the description of Antony's first sight of Cleopatra.

The material New York of that day has almost entirely passed out of existence; but one wishes that the old house on William Street, half-way between Fulton and John, in which the boy who was to write "The Sketch Book" spent his childhood, were still standing. Its structure made it possible for an adventurous youth to attend evening prayers, go to his room as if going to bed, climb out of the window, and enjoy the pleasures of the John Street Theater. There is a delightful story of a Philadelphia boy whose father, like most serious fathers of that time, regarded the theater as a menace to virtue. Miss Kemble was then delighting Philadelphia and continuing in this country the great traditions of the English stage. "John," said the father, "is this dreadful thing true that I hear of thee? Has thee been to see the play-actress Frances Kemble?" "Yes, father." "I hope thee has not gone more than once, John." "Yes, father," was the manly answer; "more than thirty times."

And there is a story, which may or may not be true, that in order to avoid following the footsteps of his father in the Presbyterian Church, Washington Irving had himself confirmed in Trinity Church. In the later years of his life he was a faithful warden in Christ Church, Tarrytown; and whenever he talked of retiring from that position he was met by the urgent request to retain it, because so many strangers came to the church who wanted to see Washington Irving, and it was very easy to tell them that he would take the offering.

He had already done something with his pen, and had fallen into the fashion of the time set by the "Spectator" and dealt with a free hand with the manners and customs of the town. These sketches were very youthful; but they predicted the humor and nice feeling of later years, and especially Irving's fine note of chivalry in his attitude towards woman. He had already the love of life which is characteristic of artists of all types. "I am a young man and in Paris," he wrote to a friend before his return to America; and the Paris of that day as compared with the Paris of to-day was like the New York of the same age as contrasted with the New York of the twentieth century. Years later Lowell wrote to Charles Eliot Norton: "Charles, Paris ain't no place for a deacon."

When Irving came back to New York in 1806, there were two or three miles of country between the city and Greenwich Village, then so far away that in three panics people had taken refuge in it from the pestilence-smitten town, and two banks had established branches there and given their names to streets which still exist. The old-fashioned chaise was still seen in the streets, and there was a bridge on the Boston Post Road at about Third Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street which was called the Kissing Bridge. A writer of that time, who was also a clergyman, describes the custom which gave this bridge its name as "curious yet not displeasing."

The young men with whom Irving associated himself belonged to the type who are known as "good fellows." They were companionable in the good sense of the phrase; they were congenial, and they were alive to the pleasures of living. Their attitude towards the world was well expressed in "Salmagundi," the first chapter of which was published in 1807, and was the initial work of the Knickerbocker writers. Its humor was somewhat heavy. It was afterwards irreverently referred to by Paulding as "Old Sal." The reader of to-day finds many references to things that are no longer remembered, but he gets also the pleasant atmosphere of a little town which had not lost its

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local consciousness. One chapter is entitled "A Tour in Broadway." If one wanted to see the belles of the little city, he went to Cortlandt Street corner. The City Hall, one of the most delightful pieces of early architecture in the country, was then, according to "Salmagundi," a resort for young lawyers, not because they had business there but because they had no business anywhere else. It consoles the pessimists inclined to take a tragic view of the decay of good morals and the incoming of bad manners to read about the apprehension of the influence of the waltz, then recently introduced from Europe. "Salmagundi" said these things about it in a rather serious poem:

"Let France its whim, its sparkling wit supply,
The easy grace that captivates the eye;
But curse their waltz,—their loose lascivious arts
That smooth our manners to corrupt our hearts!"

It is quite evident that the young poets of the time were still reading Pope.

When "A History of New York" appeared in the Christmas season of 1809, it made a tremendous sensation. It was greeted with a chorus of laughter or with shouts of denunciation. To satirize the Dutch families of that time was to lay an irreverent hand on the social ark; and a decade later a distinguished citizen of Dutch descent described it as a "gross caricature," while Scott wrote to Henry Brevoort that he had been reading it aloud to Mrs. Scott and two ladies who were guests, and "our sides have been absolutely sore with laughter." It was not a great work, but it was the beginning of what used to be called "polite literature" in this country. From the hour of its publication American books began to be read abroad, and the literary idea and atmosphere found a home in the New World.

The letters to Brevoort were written from 1807 to 1843, largely from England and Spain. In a letter from Bordeaux written in November, 1843, Irving's idea of diplomacy is defined:

I do not know whether you speak in jest or earnest about the popular view of my conduct on the occasion of the diplomatic intervention for the safety of the little Queen during the late siege of Madrid. My conduct was dictated at the time by honest and spontaneous impulse, without reference to policy or politics. I felt deeply for the situation of the Queen and her sister and was anxious that their persons should be secured from the civil brawls and fightings which threatened to distract the city and invade the very courts of the Royal Palace. In all my diplomacy I have depended more upon good intentions and frank and open conduct than upon any subtle management. I have an opinion that the old maxim "Honesty is the best policy" holds good in diplomacy!

This is an admirable statement of the best American diplomatic usage. It was interpreted in China by Mr. Burlingame, and both Mr. Hay and Mr. Root as Secretaries of State applied it widely. There can be no doubt that this is to be the diplomacy of the future, and that the old-time subtlety which expended itself largely in concealing and misleading will give place to the frankness which astonished the Spanish diplomats when Judge Day defined the position of the United States at the close of the Spanish-American War. As the phrase runs, he placed all the cards on the table as soon as the diplomats sat about it. It is pleasant to find that Irving, the old-fashioned man of letters, had the same democratic conception of the relations between nations.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SECRETARY HOUSTON

FROM A FARMER'S WIFE

My Dear Mr. Secretary:

A few months ago there came to me from our little Ozark post-office a letter from your Department asking me, among other country women, to tell what I thought might be done to improve conditions for the farmer's wife. I was discourteous enough to throw the letter into the fire without reply. I felt very much as if I were struggling in the waters of Big Hawk Creek here in flood time and as if you—away off there in Washington—had asked if you could be of assistance.

Since then, however, your suggestion of co-operation has kept coming into my mind. I have wondered if I was turning away from a real chance at partnership, with a partner who has power and money, scientific knowledge, and genuine good will. Stimulated by

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your awareness that there are country problems which must be seen from the point of view of the farmer's wife, I have thought over the situation of myself and the women of my neighborhood with a new hopefulness.

I think that I must tell you first that country living is comparatively new to me. To my four years of life on a farm I have a background of many years of city life, during which I did the strenuous things which women of leisure are apt to do to-day. In the midst of these activities a great doctor told my husband that he was in a bad way physically and must henceforward lead an out-of-doors life. It was decided that we should try farming. Health was the first consideration in the selection of our new home, but we must make the enterprise a paying investment. We chose a beautiful stock farm in the foothills of the Ozarks, in a sparsely settled neighborhood which had had no newcomers for years.

The roads are poor. When crops fail, our neighbors accept the situation philosophically and keep their families in food by cutting timber and hewing railway ties. They are a simple people whose wants are easily satisfied. They know little of the outside world save as an adventurous son or daughter has left home to seek employment as a street-car conductor or domestic servant. Their forebears have lived here for nearly a hundred years. While their opportunities for "book-learning" have been incredibly meager, they come of such fine stock and are naturally so keen of perception that the lack of a formal education serves to emphasize native ability. I feel very modest when I am with them.

Within a radius of ten miles I am familiar with family conditions. Unless the mother is still a young woman, one finds from seven to sixteen children in each household. I have given the two extremes. I humbly confess that I fall below a fair city average in this regard. With this exception, and the fact that I have more material possessions, my problem and my neighbors' as women trying to make a home in a promising but undeveloped farming community are the same.

What does every home-maker want primarily? Health, and a chance at the higher life for her family—an education for her children.

The farmer's wife should find these things possible to attain. As a matter of fact, they are out of reach of most of the women of this neighborhood. The reason for this, I believe—and here is a conclusion which surprised me—is that the Government does not give the country woman the protection which the city woman receives and which she should have if she is to be the economic factor in the National life which she will become if she intelligently follows the path marked out for her by your Department.

Of late, when I have been reading your bulletins on sanitation, Mr. Secretary, I have been reminded of Moses. He had probably given the Children of Israel much instruction with regard to matters pertaining to health before he realized the necessity of putting his farm bulletins into law. It is to remind you of this that I am writing you now.

On a neighboring farm, where the barns are not far from the house, there is a large pile of stable manure. It has been standing there for weeks. My neighbor's wife knows why she has so many flies; she also knows the menace to health. Her husband knows too. Your information has reached them. But it seems that at the present time there is no available field for this fertilizer; no man and team to haul it; sometime it will be attended to; just now "he" is busy with other work.

The city man would be prevented by law from thus jeopardizing the health of those around him. The farmer is permitted to dally with the situation.

Why could there not be rural health departments to insure sanitary conditions? The farmer and his family are said to be National assets. Why not protect them? The forest has its rangers; conservation of forces would suggest a like protection for farm folk.

Another neighbor is permitted to let the drainage from his farm buildings pollute his water supply. Why not have building restrictions for the farm?

At our annual "graveyard cleaning," when the valley people meet at the burying-ground next the school-house, every family has its little mounds from which the father cuts the long grass and weeds, and over which the mother allows herself time for the luxury of tears. A conference with our overworked country doctors would reveal the many causes for a high death rate in naturally healthy regions. The city slogan "Save the babies" might well be extended to the country.

I will frankly confess that I had much more reason for confidence in the milk which I used to buy in bottles in the city than I

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have now that it comes from our own cows. I have obtained tolerable conditions through strikes and boycotts, refusing for days to accept milk until the stables were properly cleaned. That I have been successful in these hazardous domestic enterprises is entirely due to my family's sense of humor, which has never yet failed me. I could not advise my neighbors to resort to my methods, although their need is greater than my own. I am sure the course pursued by Moses would be better for family tranquillity.

It is a usual thing, when the summer exodus comes, for the newspapers and family physicians to warn city people of the probability of finding contaminated water and unsanitary conditions generally in the country. There seems to have been little thought of the helplessness of the women and children who are compelled to live (or die) in those regions. One must conclude from the universal warning that the problem is a National one, calling for new legislation and its enforcement.

I have mentioned our roads. In certain stretches they are tragically, laughably, hysterically rocky. In other stretches they are punctuated with stumps. Few women would venture to drive a team over them for any distance, although the men, through practice in driving, are able to cover the rough miles at a remarkably good gait.

It is a matter of record that on the ground of bad roads alone the Government has so far refused our community free rural delivery, although there are many men who could easily qualify as carriers, covering the territory in the time required by the Government and serving ninety families three times a week. Don't you think, Mr. Secretary, that bad roads are a very good reason for having a free delivery of mail? Isn't it better for one responsible man to go over the road than that ninety families should have to send for their mail or go without? I am not speaking for Big Hawk Valley alone. In these stretches of country where money is not plentiful, and where the farmers and their wives are dependent upon their own physical exertions for everything necessary for living, Governmental and newspaper urging doesn't take us very far on our way toward good roads. When we shall have automobile roads we shall not need rural delivery. In the meantime we are paying our taxes and are really a part of the United States of America, although we should hardly realize it save for sentimental attachments.

Since I have been living in Big Hawk Valley, Mr. Secretary, I have often wished for a vote, although it was far from my intention to express my wish in this letter. But here, more than any region I have known, the ballot seems to be a subtle but insurmountable barrier between me and all questions subject to a vote. Our women take part in the work of men. If necessary, they help take care of the live stock, gather wood, and work in the fields, but their sphere most emphatically does not include "meddling" with questions to be decided by men alone.

I am reminded of this by a placard which is posted upon the door of the school-house. It calls the attention of parents to the State law which requires six months' yearly school attendance of every child of the required age. Owing to a curious knot which no one attempts to cut, the children of this neighborhood are getting only four months' schooling in a year, although we are paying taxes for an eight-month term.

The situation has been brought about through a mistake in districting the county. Our district includes a near-by mountain and is of illegal length. Since the mountain children must be taught as well, or as poorly, as the valley children, and since neither the mountain fathers nor the valley fathers are inclined to two wagon trips daily to take the children to school, two little school-houses were built, one in the valley, the other on the heights. One teacher divides the eight months' term between the highlanders and the lowlanders. This year she serves the mountain folk from July through October. The valley children will attend school from October through January.

I should be an ingrate, Mr. Secretary, if I closed without telling you that I owe my vocational training as a farmer's wife almost entirely to your Department. My text-books have been the Government bulletins. I have them bound, indexed, and catalogued. There is not a day when some one of the household does not refer to them. Yesterday I heard one of my aides, a neighbor's daughter, say to the other: "Marthy, if you take that jelly off now, you will be goin' right against the Government!"

I am your Department's grateful pupil,

MARY DOANE SHELBY.

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BY THE WAY

The self-satisfaction which some illiterate people feel with regard to their own limitations has rarely been more pointedly expressed than by an inhabitant of the mountain region of Kentucky, as reported in "Harper's Magazine" by Mr. W. A. Bradley in describing a recent trip: "The reason why we-uns knows so much more than you-uns," an old mountain woman said to him, "is because we cain't *read* so much. So we *think* more." The remark has its moral, too, for the "omnivorous reader."

Automobile racing men expect a speed of two miles a minute to be attained in the near future. A new world's short-distance track record was made recently which approximated this speed. A two-mile lap was made in 1 minute and a trifle over 2 seconds—an average of 115.67 miles an hour.

Hitting off the high price of eggs—50 and 60 cents a dozen for "near-by fresh eggs" in the New York market (and 72 cents for "gilt-edge Leghorn" eggs, at retail), as against 40 to 55 cents last year—a cartoonist in an agricultural paper makes a policeman say, as he holds up and questions a suspicious-looking individual who is displaying his possessions, "I'll take yer word for the watch and the sparklers, but where did ye get that egg!"

American-made Bibles are reported as now the "best sellers" among all books. It is estimated that the year now closing will show an increase of fifty per cent in the sale of our Bibles over the best previous year's record. The war has interfered with the printing of Bibles in the countries affected, hence the demand for the American product.

"Fliegende Blätter" still retains some of its ante-bellum sprightliness, as evidenced by this extract: "I'm awfully sorry that my engagements prevent my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit." "Splendid! And where would you like your spirit to sit? I have tickets here for one mark, four marks, and ten marks!"

Kind-hearted English ladies who write friendly letters to "lonely men" in the trenches sometimes get into difficulties. "John Bull" says that a West End lady who had corresponded in this way with a "braw Highlander" (who must have boasted indiscreetly of his new acquaintance) received this letter from Scotty's real sweetheart: "Dear Madam—Would you please send me an explenation off what way you have got so femilour with —— ——, of the Hielanders?"

Coming from a New Orleans daily paper, the "American," said to be "operated directly in the interest of organized labor," this little editorial sermonette has considerable significance: "At first sight a little electric truck on the river front may seem to some labor leaders to be a bad thing for the workmen. But it is not. True, it will do the work of two men with hand trucks, and give work to only one operator. In doing this, however, it will reduce the cost of handling commodities to an economic basis. . . . This cost will be so attractive to shippers that they will send train-loads and ship-loads of commerce from sections that have never before used the port of New Orleans. This increased commerce will create more jobs under good conditions than existed under unsatisfactory conditions before."

The largest apartment in New York City is planned for a new apartment-house to be erected on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Seventy-second street. It will consist of twenty-eight rooms and eight baths, and has already been leased for $30,000 a year rent, though it will not be ready for occupancy till next fall.

In a recently published book called "National Humor" a serious foot-note states that Nelson's celebrated message, "England expects every man to do his duty," was phrased by the famous admiral as, "*Nelson* expects," etc., and that one of his officers suggested the change of the first word to "*England*." Nelson's greatness was evident in his immediate acceptance of the change; a smaller man would have felt insulted at the proposed elimination of his own name.

Among the bits of Irish humor recorded in "National Humor" is the story of a Dublin cabman who had driven a large man a long distance and was then offered the legal fare, a sixpence. Politely deferring the acceptance of the coin for a moment, cabby carefully put his lap-robe over the horse's head, completely covering his eyes. The astonished "fare" asked what he was doing that for? "Just to kape the dacint baste from seeing what a big load he had dragged all this way for a sixpence," was the reply. The big customer, we are told, saw the point and suitably responded to the cabman's good-natured thrust.

In "Welsh Humor" is this story: Sir Foulk Fitzwarren was recounting to his knights his exploits against the Saracen. These being calmly received, Sir Foulk said: "But right here, the other day, I jumped from the ground to the top of my castle." The knights being skeptical, Sir Foulk invited them to come the next day and see him perform the feat. When they assembled, he jumped up one step of the stairway, and continued jumping, step by step, till he was on the top of the tallest tower! "But we could do that too," chorused the knights. "Not till I showed you how," retorted the redoubtable warrior.

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